

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LIX.

No. 3599 June 28, 1913

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXVII

CONTENTS

I. Realistic Drama. <i>By W. L. Courtney.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	771
II. The Fairy Tale in Education. <i>By Greville Macdonald.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	783
III. Color-Blind. Chapter IX. <i>By Alice Perrin.</i> (To be continued.)	TIMES	790
IV. The Common Basis of Religion. <i>By K. C. Kanjilal.</i>	HINDUSTAN REVIEW	798
V. Mrs. Nickleby's Tender-Mindedness. <i>By W. R. Thomson.</i>	DICKENSIAN	800
VI. A Broken Reed. <i>By V. H. Friedlaender</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	803
VII. "Never Man Spake Like This Man."	NATION	812
VIII. Overloaned and Overarmed.	ECONOMIST	815
IX. Mulligatawny.	PUNCH	817
X. Japan Among the Nations. <i>By Sir Valentine Chirol.</i>	TIMES	818
XI. A Premier-President.	NATION	821
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. In the Cool of the Evening. <i>By James Stephens.</i>		770
XIII. Child of Dawn. <i>By Harold Monro.</i>		770
XIV. To Time, the Tyrant. <i>By Austin Dobson.</i>		770
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		823



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, .

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING.

I thought I heard Him calling. Did
you hear
A sound, a little sound? My curious
ear
Is dinned with flying noises, and the
tree
Goes—whisper, whisper, whisper si-
lently
Till all its whispers spread into the
sound
Of a dull roar. Lie closer to the
ground,
The shade is deep and He may pass
us by.
We are so very small, and His great
eye,
Customed to starry majesties, may
gaze
Too wide to spy us hiding in the
maze;
Ah, misery! the sun has not yet gone
And we are naked: He will look upon
Our crouching shame, may make us
stand upright
Burning in terror—O that it were
night!
He may not come . . . what? listen,
listen, now—
He is here! lie closer . . . Adam,
where art thou?

James Stephens.

CHILD OF DAWN.

O gentle vision in the dawn:
My spirit over faint cool water glides,
Child of the day,
To thee;
And thou art drawn
By kindred impulse over silver tides
The dreamy way
To me.

I need thy hands, O gentle wonder-
child,
For they are moulded unto all repose;
Thy lips are frail,
And thou art cooler than an April
rose;
White are thy words and mild:
Child of the morning, hail!

Breathe thus upon mine eyelids—that
we twain

May build the day together out of
dreams.

Life, with thy breath upon my eyelids,
seems

Exquisite to the utmost bounds of
pain.

I cannot live, except as I may be
Compelled for love of thee.

O let us drift,

Frail as the floating silver of a star,
Or like the summer humming of a bee,
Or stream-reflected sunlight through a
rift.

I will not hope, because I know, alas,
Morning will glide, and noon, and
then the night

Will take thee from me. Everything
must pass

Swiftly—but nought so swift as dawn-
delight.

If I could hold thee till the day
Is broad on sea and hill,
Child of repose,
What god can say,
What god or mortal knows,
What dream thou mightest not in me
fulfil?

O gentle vision in the dawn:
My spirit over faint cool water glides,
Child of the day,
To thee;
And thou art drawn
By kindred impulse over silver tides
The dreamy way
To me.

Harold Monro.

TO TIME, THE TYRANT.

Time, in whose kingship is Song,
What shall I bring to thee now,
Weary of heart and of brow—
Now, that the shadows are long!

Not with the young and the strong
Numbered am I. And I bow,
Time!

Yet—let me stand in the throng;
Yet—let me hail and allow
Youth, that no Combat can cow,
Strength, that is stronger than Wrong,
Time!

Austin Dobson.

REALISTIC DRAMA.

The modern English stage has developed mainly along the lines of realism. At the present moment it would be safe to say that the drama which is most alive, the drama which means most, both as an intellectual and as an artistic product, is that which in pieces like *Hindle Wakes*, *The New Sin*, *The Eldest Son*, *The Younger Generation*, and in most of the work of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, is classed as Realistic. It is, relatively speaking, a modern tendency. At all events, during the first half of the nineteenth century a more artificial, fantastic, and romantic species of drama prevailed, which might, for purposes of comparison, be put under the head of dramatic idealism.

Let me attempt first of all to define these terms, Idealism and Realism. A dramatist, we will suppose, is asking himself how he shall treat human characters, and he discovers that there are at least three possible ways. He can say, in the first place, "I will paint human beings as I think they *ought* to be." In other words, he is applying, however unconsciously, a sort of ethical test to the men and women whose actions he is about to describe. He believes that it is his duty (in order, we will say, to help ordinary suffering and erring humanity) to paint certain ideals of conduct and behavior, good and bad alike—heroes that are ideal heroes, villains that are ideal villains, heroines that are virtuous and in distress, comic men who, despite a lamentable tendency to idiotic witticisms, have a heart of gold—and all the other heterogeneous items in a romantic conception of existence.

We can imagine, however, a dramatist with a very different ideal before

him. He says, "My business as an artist is to paint men as I think they really are," not very good, not very bad, average creatures, sometimes with good intentions, often with bad performance, meaning well and doing ill, struggling with various besetting temptations and struggling also perhaps with a heritage derived from earlier generations—above all, never heroes and never heroines, nor even thorough-going villains, not beautifully white nor preternaturally black, but (as one might phrase it) of a plebeian variety. This species of dramatist works from a scientific point of view. His mode of procedure, and also such inspiration as he possesses, is mainly experimental, based on what he has discovered—or thinks he has discovered—about humanity and its place in the world. If the first class of dramatist I am trying to describe is radiantly optimistic, the second is generally preternaturally sad, inclined to despair, teaching us that this world is not altogether a comfortable place, and that human beings are not especially agreeable to live with.

It is conceivable, however, that apart from these two classes of dramatists there yet is room for a third, a man who is neither a preacher nor a pessimist; not inspired with a moral idea nor yet inspired with a scientific idea, but a sheer artist, inspired by a purely artistic idea. He is aware that all art is an imaginative exercise, and that however he describes his *dramatis personæ* he can only do it from a personal point of view. He is not quite sure that, however scientific may be his procedure, he can ever paint men and women precisely as they are—he can only paint them as they appear to his æsthetic perceptions. He does not desire to draw any

moral. He desires, it is true, to be guided by experience; but he does not give us the dry bones of scientific data. Being an artist he uses his selective capacity both as to his incidents and his characters. The latter he often makes typical rather than individual; but they will represent the inner verity of man, and not the mere external appearance. He has made the discovery, in other words, that you do not get rid of romance by calling yourself an Experimentalist or a Realist. He knows that men turn to art just because they do not want to live perpetually in a sombre, and actual, world. The world of art is something other than the world of reality, and as a dramatic artist he must make allowance for this fact.

Now here are three different types of dramatist, and, fortunately for our purpose, we can give them names. When drama, as we understand the term, began with the Greeks, that extraordinary race developed most of the types which are discoverable in the work of later man. The earliest dramatist was Æschylus, a profoundly moral and didactic playwright who painted men and women as he thought they ought to be, because he held it to be his business to justify the ways of God to humanity. That is the keynote of his *Agamemnon* and his *Prometheus Vinculus*, of most of the work which has come down to us. A great man and a real dramatist, and still more a seer, a prophet, a teacher. The third of the Greek dramatists was Euripides, who tried to draw men and women as he thought they were. I should imagine that he, like many modern men, revolted from the lofty conception of humanity as idealized by Æschylus. He had no particular moral lessons to teach, and did not want to justify the ways of God to man. On the contrary, one of his aims was to justify the ways of men

to gods, to show how unjust the gods were, how arbitrary, how poverty-stricken in idea. His men, as we see, were real men as viewed by a man of experience, his women—to the astonishment of his generation—were real women, and his general aspect was more or less pessimistic. It is a poorish sort of world, he seems to say, in which we have got to struggle and strive, and fail, and yet make the best of it, being content that now and again, although we cannot cure the evils, we can at least help the sufferers with a little ordinary compassion and sympathy.

I have purposely omitted the second of the dramatists in Greece. Sophocles, as distinct from his compeers, was, as it seems to me, neither a moralist nor a realist, but an artist through and through, impersonal and remote—an artist in fibre, whose drama gives us the absolutely Greek point of view, a little idealized here and there no doubt. He will not extenuate, he certainly will not set down anything in malice; but he will draw real Greek types, and yet leave room for imagination and fancy and provide some sustenance for the romantic instincts.

Here is an exemplification in history of the three kinds of dramatist I have described. A man can paint human beings as he thinks they ought to be, a man can paint them as he thinks they are. The first is what we ordinarily recognize as an Idealist; the second is, undoubtedly, a Realist. If modern examples are required, there are many to choose from. Tolstoy, for instance—and especially in a play like *Resurrection*—is an Idealist and a preacher. The French dramatist Brieux in nearly the whole of his work is a tremendous moralist, believing, as he does, that it is the function of drama to attack the evils of the age, witness *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*,

Les Avariés, and his last play, *La Femme Seule*. In his treatment, however, of these evils he is a sheer realist. Perhaps Mr. George Bernard Shaw might not altogether appreciate the society in which he finds himself, but he undoubtedly is in some aspects an idealist and a preacher. His method may be the method of realism, but he is intensely didactic, always running a tilt against the follies and hypocrisies of the age. One need only cite such pieces as *The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Major Barbara*, and for sheer undiluted idealism, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. The realistic school, as such, I shall have further opportunities of portraying. But the third species of dramatist of whom I have spoken, the man who is artist first and throughout, who exercises his faculty of selection, as every artist should, who is never a didactic moralist, any more than he is a photographer; who does not paint, so to speak, the wrinkles and the pimples, but gives you the general meaning of the face—the Sophoclean type in short—is one for whom there is not as yet a name—except the good old name of dramatic artist. Is there, however, no modern example? Yes, assuredly. There is Shakespeare himself. He is full of romance, he has over and over again the touch of the idealist, and yet no man will tell you more about human nature and more freely give you live, vivid, and freshly-drawn types. He is quite impersonal. He never preaches ostentatiously a moral. He tells you how things happen and lets you draw your own conclusion. His object is to show you how the world reveals itself to an artist—a very high and serious artist who, with the intuition of genius, understands and knows.

Now drama follows the general movements of thought in the world, although it seems to follow them somewhat slowly. This is a point which

must be elucidated if drama is to be considered as a serious art, an art in the highest sense of the term, as part of the human equipment, as much native to man as religion. We can see that up to a given time in the nineteenth century modern drama, though it may have in appearance aimed high, was quite artificial and unreal. Then about the middle and towards the close of the nineteenth century it gradually became imbued with a spirit of realism which, with few exceptions, has continued up to the present period. And what is the external history of the period thus summarily indicated? We know that the great feature of the nineteenth century, from 1850 onwards, was the extraordinary progress of science and the interpretation of nature. Everywhere it was discovered that by keeping close to the sphere of reality, by seeking to understand nature, we were able to make large progress, not only in knowledge, but also in the practical conveniences and utilities of life. If science won successes in the intellectual sphere, they were rapidly adapted to the uses of mankind, and the conquest over nature meant not only definite mental acquisition but a larger material comfort. Thus the keynote of the time was naturalism in thought, and utilitarianism in morals and social life.

It was little wonder, then, that art should, in its turn, be realistic. The other arts—painting, literature, music—can carry on their spheres of activity more or less in independence of the *Zeitgeist*; although they, too, when we look deeper, are subject in more ways than one to large contemporary influences. But the art of drama—a social art—must necessarily keep very close to the stages of evolution in social life and ethical thought. This is, of course, the meaning of Shakespeare's famous definition of acting and the actor as giving "the age and body of

the time—its form and pressure." In the earlier portions of the nineteenth century drama might strive to be poetic, emotional; but when the reign of science began it was bound to lose some of its idealistic character and to accommodate itself to the prevalent conceptions which were, of course, realistic. In the beginnings of the present century, however, we note, here and there, signs of reaction. Even professors of science are beginning to be discontented with their most magnificent victories. When all nature has yielded up her secrets there still remain the indefeasible claims of the human soul. From materialism as such, recent years are beginning to proclaim a revolt.

But, surely, there is no question which is the correct view, at all events to us children of the nineteenth century? The problem appears to be settled. We are only concerned with reality; metaphysical idealism is pure talk and word-spinning. Let us think of all that this scientific movement has accomplished. Man acquired a new and infinitely better knowledge of nature's workings, and thus was able by technical skill, acquired in a practical school, to make all sorts of improvements directly affecting human existence, which in consequence became wonderfully enriched, accelerated, strengthened. Social problems now became of prominent interest, existing conditions of life had to be improved. The object of man was to secure universal happiness for his fellow-men. Labor was organized, the proper distribution of wealth became one of the tasks incumbent on man; life was to be made more happy. Surely, in view of all that the nineteenth century has done, the older idealistic views are but vague mists destined to disappear before the light of the sun. From this point of view realism can be our only gospel.

Unfortunately, the matter is not so easy as it seems. Idealism has certainly taken some strange shapes, shapes which we now acknowledge to be of not much value. If, for instance, the idealistic drama of the nineteenth century is represented only, let us say, by Sheridan Knowles's *Virginus*, or by Bulwer Lytton's *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, or, for the matter of that, by Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*, then, indeed, it seems a very unreal, purely artificial, quite valueless thing, totally unconnected with life as we know it, and quite righteously doomed to perish. But Idealism is a much subtler thing than this, intimately connected with the nature of all art. We speak of the triumphs of realism. Well, has the materialism of the nineteenth century triumphed all along the line? Has the whole life of man become transformed into the material conditions which surround him? Is a man a mere instrument for doing work? Why, this work itself has turned out not to be the gloriously unselfish thing, full of altruistic aims, which was to benefit the whole of humanity. What does work mean to the majority of our contemporaries? It means a bitter struggle for existence, a struggle between individuals, classes, and peoples, and the passions which the struggle has aroused show how every day the field of conflict is becoming wider. Is it so true, we begin to ask ourselves, that mere work absorbs the whole man? Work never develops more than a portion of human faculty; the more specialized the work, the smaller the portion. If life is no more than contact with environment, it is a singularly bare and poverty-stricken thing. Is it not clear that behind the work are sensitive beings, craving for something more than the work can give them, demanding from their work some personal compensation, even though the work itself may lose?

Does not the continual striving after some definite material result or success breed a certain weariness and distaste, and afflict us with the shadow of some vaguely recognized pessimism? What is the cause of this deep-seated uneasiness? In quite simple language we can give the answer. If work no longer satisfies us, it is because it leaves the soul homeless. If the nineteenth century, which more than any other period enlarged the whole aspect of life and improved human conditions, instead of closing with a proud and jubilant note ended rather with a dissatisfied and querulous wail, there must have been some error in the type of life dominating the whole epoch. What is the error? Realism tried to get rid of the spirit of man, to prove it to be a purely derivative thing. It sought to eliminate the soul, and the soul refuses to be eliminated. The emphatic denial of the soul in its independent activity merely rouses the soul to further life, rouses it to carry on with whomsoever it recognizes as its God those immortal dialogues which are the staple of all Mystical literature. And so the twentieth century began with a reaction, and examples are easily furnished. After Utilitarianism, the characteristic philosophy of the nineteenth century, arose Pragmatism, which in some of its aspects is the Ultima Thule, the last expression, of the naturalistic practical movement. But Pragmatism would now seem to have spent its force, and men read Bergson. Or, if Bergson be discredited, we turn back to a philosopher like van Eucken, who is an Idealist. So, too, in Art; wearied with Realism we turn to Symbolism and Mysticism: and the curiously suggestive, symbolic theatre of Maeterlinck is studied, even in the midst of the triumphs of the school of Ibsen.¹

¹ Cf. "Main Currents of Modern Thought," by Prof. Rudolf Eucken ("The Concept of Spiritual Life"). (T. Fisher Unwin, 1912.)

But the question will naturally be asked: Has all this anything to do with drama? Well, let us take the matter in detail. Modern drama in England has run through three or four distinct phases. There is the kind of drama with which, let us say, Macready had to concern himself, succeeded by a very bad and infertile period in which the chief productions were either adaptations from the French or else burlesques, many of which again had a French ancestry. No touch or breath of reality came across English drama till about 1860, or rather, to be accurate, till November 14th, 1865, when a piece entitled *Society* was played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having as its author Tom Robertson. From that time onwards, through various illustrious names, the English drama has steadily advanced in a direction which we usually call naturalism or realism. Concurrently with this movement you will find that adaptations from Paris began to be rare. The native drama has found its feet. The largest foreign influence is that of Ibsen. None of our writers have been quite the same since they made acquaintance with the Norwegian dramatist. A different quality has come into their work.

If such be in outline the history of modern drama, you will now observe that it fits tolerably into the scheme I have propounded. There was a time when every philosopher called himself an Idealist, and sometimes idealism was exceedingly vague, shadowy, and unprofitable. Then, concurrently with the birth of vigorous and triumphant science, philosophy itself turned to realism. It was the latter half of the nineteenth century which witnessed the slow and hesitating growth on the English stage of dramas of realism. The only question is whether we have not got to the end of the realistic tendency at the present time. Some of

our most popular writers, it is true, boast that they have banished romance. But romance always returns. It is like nature which you can expel with a pitchfork, "*tamen usque recurret*." The lesson which modern realistic drama teaches is singularly hard, barren, unsatisfying. In what mood does the spectator come away from *Hindle Wakes*, *The Eldest Son*, *The New Sin*, *Rutherford and Son*, and *The Younger Generation*? Does not the something within him—no matter its name, soul or spirit—feel starved? Has life nothing but the sordid struggles which some of these dramatists paint? Can anything more depressing be conceived than the dramas of Mr. Galsworthy—*Justice*, *Strife*, *The Eldest Son*? After a tragedy by Shakespeare—even after a world-ruin like *King Lear*—I know not how it is, but the spirit is uplifted, alert, passionately believing in the reality of moral ideals. Does anyone ever have such a feeling after a modern realistic drama? It is possible, therefore, that a reaction may be commencing at the present day against some of the forms of realism which have invaded our theatre. Perhaps it may usher in a better, newer, more fruitful kind of idealism, which assuredly must be built upon experience and veritable data but which shall find room within its scheme for unconquerable romance, for imagination, for fancy, for faith, for love—in short, for the human soul.

It was undoubtedly an uninspiring and difficult task which Macready had before him when he attempted to carry out his artistic mission. Macready, without question, had certain instincts which we should class as modern and realistic, but the material with which he had to deal, and his contemporary authors, defeated most of his efforts. He had, without doubt, his limitations, although no one who has even cursorily perused his recently published

Diaries can question the fact that he had, in an almost tragic degree, the temperament of a sensitive and self-castigating artist. Now what was the kind of work by English authors which he found ready to his hand? I will take only two instances—Sheridan Knowles and Lytton Bulwer. James Sheridan Knowles, an Irish schoolmaster, who had also been an actor, whose father was first cousin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, brought to Macready a tragedy called *Virginius*, widely proclaimed as a return to truth and to nature as against existing artificialities of the times. *Virginius* is an admirable example of the ordinary bourgeois drama, a bourgeois drama applied, unfortunately, to Roman tragedy. Everyone knows, of course, the story of the soldier Virginius, who killed his daughter rather than she should fall into the hands of Appius. When Shakespeare dealt with Roman plays, he made, it is true, his characters Englishmen, but he made them of heroic mould. Brutus and Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, and the rest, are certainly not commonplace, even though one can hardly describe them as accurately drawn in accordance with their Latin types. But of all the characters of Sheridan Knowles's play, it can safely be said that they are just mediocre, bourgeois, commonplace Englishmen and Englishwomen of the times. Virginius, for instance, is an excellent father of the middle class, whom we could imagine going down to his City office every day and returning to the suburbs in the evening. Virginia, the lovely heroine, is a simpering schoolgirl—a virtuous idiot. If this is what a return to nature meant, it must be confessed that it is a kind of nature that we do not want perpetuated.* Douglas Jerrold was in reality a better dramatist than Sheri-

* Cf. "*Le Theatre Anglais*," by A. FILON (chaps. 1 and 2), to whose admirable study of dramatic history I am much indebted.

dan Knowles, and the first act of his *Rent Day*, which was played in 1832, is a striking piece of work. But Jerrold, though he had undoubtedly considerable originality of his own, had to bow to the public taste of the time. He wrote *Black-eyed Susan*, perhaps his greatest success, undoubtedly also his worst play. The hero is, of course, that kind of seaman beloved of melodrama, compact of virtue and noble sentiments; and the heroine, though she is born from the lower ranks, can express the most exalted sentiments in a flowing and slightly academic style. The whole piece is a mass of unlikelihoods and absurdities: a very characteristic instance, as it seems to me, of that somewhat gross and common idealism of the crowd which likes to be transported when it goes into a theatre into another region where goodness is always rewarded, vice always punished, and "the man who lifts his hand against a woman" is reprobated by the howls of the gallery gods.

There came a time when Macready, face to face with failure, felt that he must try to retrieve his fortunes in America. He wrote to young Brown-ing. "Make a play for me," he said, "and prevent me from going to America." The play was written. It was *Stratford*. It had, I think, four representations, but the unhappy Macready was not prevented from going to America. Still, a number of men of intelligence felt it their duty to come to the help of the distressed Macready. John Forster busied himself in the matter with characteristic energy; Leigh Hunt wrote a tragedy. But, above all, Lytton Bulwer composed three pieces, all of which enjoyed a distinguished celebrity at the time, and were played, undoubtedly, to full houses. These three pieces are *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, and it would be difficult to say which

of them was furthest removed from that kind of reality to which the stage should aspire. We ought to speak, I suppose, with a certain respect of the name of Bulwer, because he was an exceedingly prolific writer, a noted novelist, poet, politician, orator, as well as a dramatist. His novels were enough to make him famous. Everyone knows something about *The Last Days of Pompeii*, or *Rienzi*, or *Ernest Maltravers*, or *The Cartons*, or *Kenelm Chillingly*. As a dramatist he represented a sort of amalgam of different authors, without having any very precise characteristics of his own. For instance, he had some touches of Byron, as much, at all events, as a man of the world ought to have without giving offence to English respectability. He also copied Victor Hugo to a large extent—or, shall we say, was inspired by Victor Hugo? No one would pretend that his poetry was of the highest order, any more than that his historical romances were in any sense true. But he possessed a kind of windy rhetoric which pleased his generation, and he seemed to be a great figure in the annals of his time. *The Lady of Lyons* is still played, I believe, sometimes in America; it is not so very many years ago since it was played in London by Mr. Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry, and by Mr. Kyrie Bel-lew and Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Of all species of dramatic composition, melodrama, that has to be accepted literally and is adorned with the veneer of literature, is perhaps absolutely the worst. Everyone likes melodrama. It has a frank charm, an undeniable glamor. But it must not attempt to be either literal or literary. In *The Lady of Lyons* we have great purple patches of poetry covering the bare places in an unreal melodramatic plot. None of the characters have any particular reality about them—they all ring false. Madame Deschapelles

comes from the Palais Royal. Pauline, the heroine, can change her character in the course of the play, and pass from haughtiness to humility, from a stupid arrogance to an equally foolish submission, without turning a hair. And the worst element in the piece is the hero, Claude Melnotte, who is simply a villain if we take him seriously, certainly a charlatan and a cheat. Being nothing more than a simple peasant, he passes himself off as a prince, and marries under a false name a well-dowered young lady. And he talks throughout the play as though he were a model of the highest virtue! The once-famous play *Richelieu* is in no sense better than *The Lady of Lyons*. No one for a moment would imagine that *Richelieu* is any closer to actual history than, let us say, Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*. It is all false rhetoric, as well as false history. As the French critic M. Filon once said, "It is a sort of plaster Hugo, daubed over with bad Alexander Dumas." And what shall we say of *Money*, which has had a distinguished stage history and been played by very distinguished actors and actresses? If anyone wants to understand how the native English drama has grown within recent years, how it has come to be something worth talking about, worthy of being put side by side with the dramatic literature of France and Germany, let him take the next opportunity he can find—it may be difficult to find an opportunity—of seeing Bulwer Lytton's *Money*. It is all as dull and insincere and unreal as any drama can be; the characters are not related to life as we know it. The piece is full of theatricality in the worst sense of that word. The hero is a prig, the heroine a lady of extraordinary refinements and such abounding conscience that she kills our sympathy in laughter. These were some of the pieces which stood for the English drama in the

first half of the nineteenth century. They represent a form of idealism which was bound to be shattered at the first contact with truth. Directly it came to be understood that the stage, instead of dealing with imaginative fiction, should attempt, in however humble a fashion, to represent actual life, all such pieces as *Virginus*, *Black-eyed Susan*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, *Money*, were swept into that limbo of oblivion from which there is no return. And the same thing would be true also of the burlesques which Henry James Byron poured forth with so prodigal a hand. Some of Tom Taylor's pieces, such as *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *Still Waters Run Deep*, still survive; while Dion Boucicault struck out a new and interesting variety of melodrama by his Irish pieces, such as *Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-pogue*, and *The Shaughraun*. But realism, as we understand it, made its first, shy appearance only with Tom Robertson, after 1860.

In dating the tendency to realism from the first production of the Robertsonian comedy, I am quite aware that I shall not have the sympathy of many critics. As we look back from our present point of vantage, it no doubt seems obvious that Robertson's plays were anything but realistic, in the sense in which we understand the term, but in many respects extremely artificial. It was in reference to this doubtless that Matthew Arnold said that English drama, floating uneasily between heaven and earth, was "neither idealistic nor realistic, but purely fantastic." But here we must distinguish a little. In tracing the history of any movement, we must carefully keep apart the spirit which animates it from some of its admitted effects and results. It may be true that some of the plays, such as *Ours* and *School*, were utterly fantastic in character and in structure. But the

thing which Robertson was aiming at, the half-realized scope of his enterprise, these are the points which ought to interest us. The truth is that we have here, almost for the first time, an effort on the part of modern English drama to achieve some originality of its own. Up to this date, for all practical purposes, the English stage was, as I have said, in entire subservience to the French stage. Adaptations of French plays, dramas, comedies, farces, even melodramas, were recognized to be the legitimate avocation of the dramatic writers in our own country. At all events, Robertson shook off this foreign bondage. He tried to do something that belonged to himself alone, and for that we owe him more gratitude than we sometimes are inclined to acknowledge.

There is also another consideration. Realism is, of course, as we have seen, a vague term. At all events, we can have a Realism in externals, as well as a Realism in internal spirit. Do not let us despise the former: it may be the beginning of better things. When the Bancrofts commenced their historic enterprise in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, they at all events gave us Realism in externals. The rooms that we saw on the stage were real rooms properly carpeted and boxed in, a ceiling was provided, together with appropriate furniture, such as could be found in any West-end drawing-room. This, indeed, was part of the crusade which the Bancroft management was undertaking. By making their little theatre a nest of something like luxury, by being careful in the plays they produced to imitate the tone, accent, the manners, the costume of the upper classes and the upper middle classes, these reformers of the theatre were initiating an economic revolution—the beginnings of a reconciliation between society and the stage. Earlier in the nineteenth cen-

tury managers were always complaining that the wealthy classes could not possibly be tempted to enter the doors of a theatre. But the Bancrofts managed to succeed where others had failed. The price of the stalls was raised to half a guinea, a daring stroke of policy which had its significant results in the fact that these stalls were always full. Society saw something which it really could recognize as part of its own daily life, and to its own surprise found itself coming to an obscure street close to the Tottenham Court Road, where it never had found itself before. This little theatre, in fact, built in a slum, became the rendezvous of aristocracy, and from this time forward it will be found that young men and young women of good position and good birth began to seek a career upon the boards. The style of acting suited them, it was so natural and easy, so devoid of all emotional excess, so quiet, so restrained—in a word, so gentlemanly, so ladylike. But because all this, though Realism of a kind, was only a superficial Realism, the drama was not yet considered something in which the intellectual classes could find interest. Society might be reconciled to the stage, but there was still the divorce between the acted drama and the deeper thoughts of students of life. That reconciliation which we see going on in our own day had yet to come.

Probably there was no more curious or exciting an evening than the *première* of *Society*, produced on the 14th of November, 1865. *Society* is by no means a good play, nor is it characteristically Robertsonian, except in one point—Robertson's knowledge of Bohemian life. Those who were interested in the production of the play were especially afraid of the third act, in which was represented the "Owl's Roost," a more or less faithful transcript of the manners and habits

of Bohemians and their clubs. For would not these same Bohemians resent such a delineation on the stage? Would they not think that Robertson had been unfaithful to his own friends and his own traditions of good fellowship? Therefore it was rather an anxious little company which commenced the performance of *Society*; and Marie Wilton, as she then was—Lady Bancroft as she is now named—mainly responsible for the venture, is always supposed to have occupied the final minute before the curtain went up in nailing with her own hands some little piece of stage decoration which had gone awry. But the result exceeded all anticipations. The tender little scenes of lovemaking in a London square, which occupied the second act, seemed pleasantly to suggest that romance was still possible under the plane-trees, and in the midst of the fogs of our Metropolis. But it was the much-dreaded third act which made the success of the play, especially the celebrated incident of the five shillings loan. A young man going to some evening social function finds himself devoid of the necessary wherewithal to pay his cab. He asks the first Bohemian friend he meets to lend him five shillings. "My dear fellow, I have not got it; but I can easily borrow it for you." And then we see a series of attempted borrowings, each man asking his neighbor in a laughable progress of generous inclination and of admitted impecuniosity. At last someone discovers the two necessary half-crowns, and then in inverse order the precious cab fare travels from hand to hand back to the original borrower. It is supposed to have been a real incident, and perhaps was recognized as all the more laughable on that account. There is no doubt that the Bohemians, at all events, were real, for they probably all had prototypes. As to the other

characters, however, they were purely fantastic. Lady Ptarmigan takes the arm of old Mr. Chodd without hesitation, although he is what we should now call a "bounder" of the first water. Lord Ptarmigan—a character which John Hare rendered illustrious—had nothing to say and had only a single trick—he dragged his chair with him wherever he went, sat down, fell asleep at once, and most of the company tumbled over his outstretched legs. Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) was charming, as she always was, because Robertson amongst other gifts had remarkable skill in devising characters which would just suit her inimitable *espèglerie*, her sparkling personality. And Mr. Bancroft brought upon the stage a new type of languid Englishman. Sothorn, in his "Lord Dundreary," had represented an English aristocrat as an absolutely brainless idiot. When the aristocrat appeared on the boards he was generally made into a caricature of fatuous imbecility. But Mr. Bancroft—as he was then called—put before the eyes of his audience a presentable, as well as a real, specimen of a man of breeding, a little haughty and disdainful, full of absurd airs, but by no means a fool, and always good-hearted. Of course, the most notorious example of his skill was Hawtree in *Caste*, whose appearance under the humble roof of the Eccles family is so irresistibly comic. He is so entirely a fish out of water, and yet so affably and pleasantly at home—a gentleman, in short, who is full of native kindness. Through all this series of plays, *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *School*—to take the best-known representatives of the Robertsonian comedy—the characters assigned to Bancroft and his wife never varied in general form, although in unessential details they may have varied. But if we look at them as a whole we are bound to confess

that these comedies, full of easy grace and pleasantry, admirably written, endowed with a certain freshness of their own, were yet rightly named of "the milk-and-water school" and "the tea-cup-and-saucer type," more than a little fantastic and artificial.

For some twenty years after the Robertsonian drama had run its course, nothing critical or important in the direction of what we have called Realism is to be noted. Even after Robertson there was an undiminished flow of adaptations from the French. All the leading dramatists were occupied in this curiously ignoble and servile task. It was considered the *right* thing to do; at all events, from the managerial standpoint it was considered the *safe* thing to do. The French dramatists, from Scribe onwards, including Dumas fils, Augier, Sardou, and the rest, were held as the original patentees of a correct kind of drama. They had inherited the tradition of the "*pièce bien faite*" from Scribe, although gradually they were breaking from it. At any rate, they were models and examples, and the English theatres were in haste to borrow from them wholesale. Remember, for instance, that Mr. Sydney Grundy—who ought to have been, and afterwards proved himself to be, an original dramatist—was largely occupied with adaptations from the French, and we shall understand how the lesser fry thought it no unworthy task to transplant into alien conditions French drama, which, for the most part, was ill-suited for any such crossing of the Channel. Almost the one exception was the extremely successful adaptation of Sardou's *Dora*, under the title *Diplomacy*, which has quite recently been revived with great success in London. It is clear, of course, that in this respect English drama was in leading-strings, and it was not until a reaction came, not until it was dis-

covered that plays could be written on English subjects, full of English ideas which would bring money into the managerial till, that any change for the better could come about. In this noble duty of establishing a modern English stage there are three names especially prominent, although their work was essentially different: the names of Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, and Arthur Pinero. If I were dealing with the rise of the modern English drama, I should have to say a good deal both of Grundy and of Arthur Jones. But the subject I am considering is the growth of Realism, a more special point that we must now look at again with, perhaps, an attempt at a clearer elucidation of its objects and aims.

The dramatist whom we call realistic, in the first place, accepts the conditions of the time in which he works and the country which is the scene of his labors. He begins, that is to say, with the principle that England has its own way of life and action, a way of its own, not by any means the same as that of other nations. That principle, of course, cuts at the root of all foreign adaptation. Most of the French dramas are racy of the French soil. The Parisian drawing-room is not the same as the London drawing-room; the characters move and talk in different fashion.

From that we advance to another principle. Each age has its own particular problems. The journalist and historian deal with these day after day. They mark the rise of a certain tendency, the gradual development of a new state of thought and feeling, the influence of novel ideas as they affect the settled conditions of English life. Take only a simple example. There is, and has been, in England a distinct school which we call the school of Puritanism, which has set itself with a remarkable determination, some-

times from the highest motives, but other times apparently through sheer blind prejudice, against art and all its manifestations, including, of course, dramatic art. Now, here is a state of things which you certainly cannot find in Paris and France. It is indigenous with us. As soon as a dramatist begins to think it his proper duty to put on the stage actual conditions of life as it is lived by the men and women around him, he is confronted by the Puritanical objection to many of those features which illustrate the artistic career. The dramatist, we will suppose, is not inclined to take the censures of the Puritans lying down; he strikes blow for blow. Thus you get a drama like Henry Arthur Jones's *Saints and Sinners* (1884)—a serious study of provincial life as dominated by narrow evangelicism and the fury of the zealot. The two churchwardens in the play, who are called by characteristic names, Hoggard and Prabble, represent that kind of religiosity which is only an organized hypocrisy. For if the Puritans charged art and drama with suggested infractions of the moral code, the dramatist retorts by charging the Puritans with caring for the letter of the law and forgetting its spirit, with tithing mint and anise and cummin, and overlooking the simple obligations of charity and forgiveness. But we must not be diverted by taking the instance of Mr. Arthur Henry Jones, because he has never been a Realist, and never pretended for a moment that Realism should be an ideal at which the dramatic writer ought to aim. I only refer to the play as an illustration of how the modern English drama, if it is to be vital, must deal with actual conditions of English life.

The Realist then, as such, advances to a third principle. He has already acknowledged that drama must be English, and that it must have as its

subject the contemporary problems of its time. But there is something else besides. The characters of his play must not be idealized or exaggerated, or transformed in any fashion by his imagination or fancy, but must be put before us exactly as psychological analysis reveals them. Men, we discover, work not from a single motive, but from complex motives. Their duties are performed, not always owing to a sense of moral obligation, but often because they happen to coincide with self-interest. Man is three-quarters mean and only one quarter, and very occasionally, noble. Woman is not an angelic figure to be placed on a pedestal and worshipped in a sacred niche with an aureole round her head. Still less is she the purely domestic drudge, but a human creature exactly on the same level as man, acting, as he does, from conflicting motives which she hardly understands, occasionally doing things right, as he does, more often doing things wrong, as he does, with particular temptations of her own which she finds it difficult to resist.

Now directly we begin to study humanity with the aid of scientific analysis, we have to take stock of these things, to say farewell to the older conceptions of drama which made the hero or heroine prosper in the end because he or she was good, and made the villain suffer in the last act because he was bad. Further, the romantic aspects of life tend, as a consequence of this analysis, to disappear. Romance is certainly not the daily food of human beings, and it is the everyday bread of humanity which we are concerned with. Thus a mortal blow is struck at the romantic drama, say, of Victor Hugo or of Bulwer Lytton, until at last we get, in the case of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a distinct and determined attack against all romance, as being worthless, even if it exists, and inessential

to the dramatist because it does not exist. Watch the single love scene in Mr. Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, and you will see how carefully the author has divested it of any touch of romantic glamour or poetic grace.

A further consequence of this realistic way of regarding character is that we learn not to be afraid to call things by their right names. The older dramatist lived in a world of his own, where certain ugly facts were glossed over or forgotten, or, at all events, not emphasized. But the modern realistic playwright, believing that such reticence is foolish and wrong, will give you the ugly facts with just their ugly names without shame. And from this point of view there is no question that Mr. Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, produced in December, 1892, was a very remarkable instance of a modern realistic play, including also a didactic element which is never far absent from the work of Mr. Shaw. Mrs. Warren's *Profession* is, of course, another illustrative example.

Reviewing some of the features to which I have called attention, we
The Fortnightly Review.

discover at once that an exceedingly important and comprehensive influence came from the work of Henrik Ibsen, whose social dramas, produced in London, were received with undisguised hostility from 1890 onwards, but also profoundly altered the conception of drama in the minds of many English dramatists. And a date of no little significance as a prophecy of things to come is the 24th of April, 1880, when John Hare opened the new Garrick Theatre with *The Profligate*, by Pinero. It was a prophecy, I say, of things to come, because *The Profligate* as a play is in many respects an unripe piece of work, full of immaturity, if we look back to it from the later work of the same author. Nevertheless, it marks in its aims and objects, and also to some extent in its achievement, a very notable advance on anything which had been seen hitherto—an advance, I venture to think, in the direction of Realism which was consummated a good deal later, on the 27th of May, 1893, when George Alexander produced *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the St. James's Theatre.

W. L. Courtney.

THE FAIRY TALE IN EDUCATION.

The fairy tale is a real need. Some hold that, in a day like our own, when superstitions are supposed to be uprooted, there is no room left for such nonsense. To others, because no accredited authors had a hand in its making, the fairy tale has little value—hardly more, perhaps, than a bird-song or a wild flower. Hence it is almost wholly neglected as a means in education, however much the child's untutored nature gives open heart to it. It is a real need—the need, in fact, of touch with those elemental things, air, sun, rain and earth—in the beauty and terror of whose ministrations man is

come into being. The recognition of these things is the fairy tale's duty. Yet, as the buttercup and daisy are barely valued, except in so far as they are patronized by school-botany, so are the fairy tales neglected. All such angelic guests must be made welcome, if we would have our children saner and happier than ordinary teaching makes them.

The fairy tale is a wild flower. It is native to that pasture of aboriginal, uncultivated innocence wherein, among the roots of grass and flowers, the elemental passions dwell. It is in the worth of these same passions that

our humanity is become so sacred a thing that, without it, man would cease to be. Therefore whether they foster fairy tales, wild flowers, and the songs of the lark, or accursed thorns and thistles, they cannot be ignored.

Not the least important of these elemental passions is the individual sense of unity with the world beyond. It is dominant in all unspoiled peasant-folk, and dormant when not dominant in all children. It takes concrete form in folklore, folk-song, and folk-dance. It thrived fearlessly in the thirteenth century painters, in the Gothic masons and glass-stainers of the great cathedrals. It is, indeed, the elemental gift in whose atmosphere and inspiration the true art grows. Hence comes the child's fellow-feeling with all simple life—his clutching at the flower, his delight in kitten, bird, or butterfly. These are fellow-creatures all, allies in "effort and expectation and desire," the common forces of imaginative splendor in which the four-year-old Pegasus rejoices, quite fearless of bit and bridle.

This sense of unity, further, is the well-spring of imagination, from which all folk-tales and traditional arts have flowed. They tell of immortality, of the souls in beasts and birds, of transmigration, of the perpetual spiritual conflict. Nor are they ignorant of stubborn facts, hard-heartedness and greed; even, and unlike the goody Sunday story, daring to tell how these may ride rough-shod over virtue. The brothers Grimm's tales teem with such meanings. *The Singing, Soaring Lark*, for instance, is worth quoting for its truth and tenderness. In it we find the love of beauty not only outshining vulgar desires for personal adornment and wealth, but inspiring a long-suffering devotion that ultimately outwits witchcraft itself. It tells, too, how the sun and moon and wind, "the most

ancient heavens fresh and strong," as Wordsworth has it, side with the faithful wife, though even their kind gifts are almost spoiled by the greedy enchantress.

In Art we have the same fairy faith proclaimed in Ludwig Richter's pictures—not less the outcome of the ancient sense that they are so perfect in technique. Look at his profoundly symbolic and fairy-like illustration of "Give us this day our daily bread." The father is sowing the field. The young mother, holding a bowl and spoon, is feeding a row of round-headed babies seated under a hedge. A very puppyish dog awaits his portion with wagging expectation. In the bushes overhead is a little nest of gaping beaks, the mother flying to them with a worm in her bill. Out of a flower emerges its own little elf holding up its honey-jug to a bee. It is at once gospel news and fairy-imagination!

In the folk-songs—particularly the sacred—the same note is sounded. In them the mystery of beauty, the belief in God, the trust in Nature, put to shame our modern, intellectualized religions. Where in church doctrine can we find anything so inspiring, at once realistic and symbolic, as that old carol, *The Holly and the Ivy*?—

"O, the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir!"

It is childhood that knows the beauty in these old ways of thought. Their imaginative strength must have freedom to run and leap and sing if the child is to find his own; for—

"Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements."

In thus exalting the imaginative understanding of the child, I do not

mean, of course, that we dare belittle school-learning or ignore intellectual claims. To do so were to foster ignorance and incoherence. Intellect is the ploughshare of enterprise: it is nothing more. Its temper must be fine, its edge keen, to turn the soil of our *urgrund*, our mother-gift, and make it fruitful. But it must hold sacrosanct the hedgerows and the heather—in which birds, bees and children have rights not greatly differing from the peasant's in his cornfield.

Indeed, if we would grasp the true importance of the fairy tale, we must believe that the child, no less than the flowers and the forest trees, has native rights and mysteries. Despite his miraculous equipment in magic gifts, his "clouds of glory," he comes naked into the world, and is, perhaps, therefore, a queer compound of meekness and revolt. Uncomplainingly he submits to clothes and all he is bidden. His nakedness—that wholesome touch with earth and sun, air and water—he presently learns to look upon with shame. Though still his clothes are grievous things, his submission grows easier, inevitable. He forgets the good freedom with which he was born, his touch with the elements, and he loses all sense that the things of rule and routine are poor substitutes for those birthrights that his life needs in increasing ministration. When manhood is reached, he has generally learned his lesson irretrievably. He no longer doubts that his good clothes, his orderly habits, his careful restraints of his own children are the chief things and duties in life. He is educated and finds his fairyland "fade into the light of common day." He is scientific, and sees no place for miracle. He has, whether millionaire or costermonger, won the world and lost his soul.

But the imagination, like hope and all other racial gifts, is hard to kill; and some men and women hold it so

sacred, that neither the elements nor the wild flowers are ever quite forgotten; their clothes are never in the way of their wings, and their feet are beautiful in the meadows. Indeed the fairy sense, if I may so call it, will never die. It is innate as the religious sense itself. Although intellectualism may give us theology for gospel, academic technique for virile handcraft, school curricula for education, yet—and notwithstanding those fratricidal, idolatrous twins, Science and Witchcraft—the fairy sense still lives. Indeed, it shows new promise to-day: it is throwing off its sleep and discovering itself as a living thing—so simple, sober and unlearned, that we find in it power of exorcism and salvation. It is clothing itself anew in old dance, song, and handcraft; while the children race to give it welcome.

Great strides have been made of late to compel a recognition of the racial arts for their educational value: many are realizing that Ruskin and Morris were quite scientific, and their teaching founded upon the incontrovertible ancient truths. In Austria, Germany, Scandinavia, men of learning are studying and encouraging the traditional peasant arts—not only because of their historic interest, but even more because of their intrinsic and present value. They are realizing the tyranny of machinery which saves labor and kills life; they see that nothing is taking the place of the simple crafts. In our own land, too, the prophetic voice is heard; and in one direction at any rate, thanks to Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, people are beginning to believe that the almost lost song and dance and game of the peasantry were sacred, educational, re-creative, just as now and conversely the city's caterwaul songs, the stage's indecent antics, and the mocking gramophones are profane, degenerate, and hypnotic. Abroad and at home we in many ways realize

that the human being's ancient appetite for milk and bread is a better guide to health than the physiologist's diagnosis of needs and the chemist's synthetic craft. We are even coming to suspect that the very best of our educational systems do little for the genius of man beyond making it intellectual and self-conscious—the very antithesis of that spontaneity, that race-consciousness, which in breaking into flower glorifies the hidden mystic life.

A few years ago I had the opportunity of watching the craft of a certain potter who lives in Marburg. His work is quite as virile and imaginative as any of the analogous museum-specimens. The leaping stag, the timid hare, the bold hunter, the flowers, the trees, are all burnt into the halfpenny dish after a traditional style and method. Repetition here has no more resulted in mechanicalism than it has with the rose or the folk-tale; repetition in life is not imitation but generation. The true peasant arts, indeed, are as old as the fairy-tale itself, and run current with it through the lives of the people. Yet, because they are transmitted as imaginative enterprise and not learned at school, their traditional origin gives every opportunity to the craftsman's freedom. This Marburg potter's drawing is faulty enough; but the vigor is such that no academical skill could do other than check it. The lanky-legged stag, leading or mincing through a wood represented by two impossible tiny trees, gives us news of how things go in fairyland—where they must be less precise in fact than expressive of the vigor and mystery of life. The world of mechanical precision, of exact proportion, of text-book realism, is, of course, trying to teach this potter its ideas of art. But he knows which is art—the ancient traditional ways or the ephemeral latter-day styles. "Any

stupid," he said to my friend, with a shrug of contempt towards an elaborately ornate vase of his own make, truculent with the inanity of *l'art nouveau*; "any stupid can do *that*! The trick can be learned at every art-school! But this"—taking up a coarse penny dish adorned with a lively yellow bird—"this comes only of a line of potters!" His customers also know which is art—even though enamelled iron is driving away from even their homes jugs and bowls that, if the world continues its brain-adding gallop to hell, will before long be found only in museums as specimens of a noble and forgotten age. The customers, I say, still know whether the new art or the old is better, for they are peasants and craftsmen themselves. They wait in crowds about the kiln for its latest baking; and we may find them discussing the merits of this or that cup or dish or bowl, to the full satisfaction of the potter. They await, like children, the new telling of the old tale which delighted their grandmothers when themselves were hungry-eyed children. Yet the costly vases, fashioned for such as despise leaping stags and wild men of the woods interest the potter who makes them but little, and the people, who need things for daily use, not at all.

The analogy between the fairy tale and the people's art—of which we have so little left in our own country—is very close. For one thing, neither folk-tales nor the sister songs and dances can boast any parentage. Anyone can learn to build art-houses, to create a new art-dance, or to learn the rules of painting original art-impertinences; but only an inheritance can produce real spontaneous outbursts of genius upon a dish that has no higher use than keeping hot the little ones' porridge. Indeed, this sisterhood of the ancient arts must hold true; for all art is fundamentally the

same thing. In a word, it is the representation in outward and visible sign—by symbol, in fact—of that which, without any such sign, were incapable of presentation. Metaphor, idiom, parable, poetic phrase, the very words themselves, are all based upon like symbolism, and are none the less art that they are the common property of the people. Similarly, song, painting and plastic art all discover and express that sublimity in man, without which, besides bread, he cannot live. Nevertheless, in these age-tried, simple dishes there is no self-consciousness of any symbolic intent. The Marburg potter will not tell us of any meaning in his stag, nor the child of any moral in his song or fairy tale. The rose has its meaning; but no consciousness in the relation of its beauty to the everlasting torch-bearing of its species has any part in its workmanship. The rose is modelled and painted because it could not do otherwise. The potter fashions his ideas in daring symbols because he has also inherited his race's unconscious sense that worship and service wedded breed beauty.

Concerning the fairy tale in particular, there is much confusion about meaning and moral. This is perhaps largely due to the curiously prevalent fallacy that true art should be devoid of purpose. Thus we find a certain school of painters so nearly successful in obeying this maxim that they are driven to print a catalogue of verbosity in order to tell their despised patrons what is actually meant by their banal impressionism. No one can work without some sense of purpose; and even a post-impressionist painting gives us news of the creature who thus finds his means of self-expression. What we do actually and rightly dislike is the moral label. When we paint a horse it should not be necessary to append a statement that the picture is an emblem of fleetness, fine temper and do-

cility. We instinctively understand such qualities better by looking at the picture than by the best-chosen words—unless indeed themselves be imaginative, poetic, symbolic.

On the other hand, many sincere people object to the fairy tale just because they cannot append the copy-book moral. But even, for instance, *Jack the Giant Killer*, that tale of the boastful boy who triumphs over brute stupidity, is full of a significance not the less important that the average child does not stop to work out metaphysical conclusions; but just accepts it as a fine entertainment. The art of it, so racy and enlivening, would be ruined by any attempt to adapt it to evangelical conventions; although, being art, it must have its motive meaning. Perhaps the delight of *Jack the Giant Killer* lies in the truth that size counts for so little, wits for so much—size signifying that aggressively un-plastic world of prohibition, wits that something infinitely fairy-like, imponderable, spiritual indeed, that subdues and makes foolish the things most important to nursemajds and schoolmasters. The fairies are play-fellows—sometimes bad perhaps, yet still vastly superior to giants, however kind and stupid. The spiritual sense of what is deeply true is integral in the child's imagination, and must be held sacred. We forget perhaps how large loom the desk and the blackboard to the tiny child; how they may, just because of their material weight and gloom, subdue the eager spirit, if he do not learn how the brave little Jack outwitted the monsters. I cannot but believe in the imaginative education of the child being, during the earlier years of life, quite overwhelming in its importance, if we would keep burning the light which alone can serve in the dark contest to come. If the fairy tale be forsaken, the oil will be far to seek.

Nevertheless, in the old folk and

fairy tales we often find the correct moral. They are at least symbolic though hardly ever allegoric. Doubtless they often appeal to what is not best, though always to something that is better than something still worse. Take at random the story of *Clever Gretel*, the greedy vain cook, who hoodwinked both master and guest and ate up the two roast fowls herself. The correct moralist will be shocked at the triumph of craft and greed over hospitality and truthfulness. But he need have no fear. The boy will revel in the story because of its rough-and-tumble fun; but he will get no harm. because the triumph of wrong over right is not the point of the fun; indeed, his real sympathies surely will be with the two hungry men, and not with the naughty glutton. The correct moralist often blunts, I think, the innate religious sense. He prefers untruthful moral tales, where good conduct brings its material reward, even though he knows the child has fully realized by the time he is six years old that such stories are mostly fudge, and that craft very often does succeed. I myself shall never forget the awful blow to my moral nature when, having told my first lie, the policeman did not come and clap me in prison, but when, on the contrary, I actually did save an older friend of eight from a whipping. The discovery swept from under my feet what I supposed were the very foundations of morality, and I started upon a downward career of reckless unbelief! The conventional morals are all wrong, and belong only to the schoolroom and a utilitarian theology. All folk-tales are strong in character, self-reliance, courage, and faith; they inculcate a higher plane of religion than can be comprised in copy-book ethics. Honesty is very questionably the best policy; yet, if a child love the right fairy tales, honesty

will win, though the heavens fall.

But I am quite sure the fairy stories best beloved are those steeped in meaning—the unfathomable meaning of life. With what tenderness the sensitive child dwells upon the story of Little Snow-white! How willingly we boys would have taken place with the seven dwarfs by the side of that child in the crystal coffin, in the dim hope that she must yet live again to keep that little house in the woods for those sturdy little miners. How willingly would any seven-year-old girl, princess or beggar, have undertaken housekeeping in that hospitable little hut, just because it was so tiny and needy! And how well she knows the temptation of fairy-like ribbons, of combs, laces, or a rosy apple; and how easy it is to forget wise counsels! How lovely too to find that though disobedience often brings penalties altogether too terrible to be just, the power of good and kindness in the world is stronger than even due punishments and witch-stepmothers. We who are older may well think that such stories as this and *Cinderella* teach—even though no lesson was ever intended—the wisdom of the book of Job: wisdom that by this time surely should have made religious teaching saner, and therefore more acceptable.

Or take *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Where can you find the schoolroom moral here? There is none whatever: yet many of us know why the story held us in thrall. Are not gay beans, pink, purple and green, marbled with wizard-black hieroglyphics far merrier in hand and pocket than silver coins? Do they not justify Jack's foolish exchange, and make his beating but an incident in the unfolding magic. Was there ever such a glorious up-climbing to the kingdom of boy-romance and the bashing of giants as that which came from those common beans? It is the story of mystic growth told in symbolic truth: something breathing and

laughing within the heart of the child knows it—just as something somewhere within him knows that right and wrong, love and hate can never be confounded. Neither his crude understanding of life, nor his worship of his mother, nor his passion for enterprise and power, is intellectual. Nor dare we try to make them intellectual: rather shall we leave them to their own germination, like eternal seeds.

No; the fairy tale need not be moral—need hardly have any obvious meaning at all! Rumpelstiltskin rejoiced my heart—somehow still rejoices it, with its rough-and-tumble kindness, its magic spinning of straw into gold, the king's greed of wealth, the pathetic desire of the ridiculous dwarf for a little child, and the triumph of the mother-love. It means nothing whatever that is exactly moral. But its power to touch the springs of pity and hope and inconsequential nonsense is very real; while, in its denial that rewards and punishments do always spoil the jolly ways of this wonderful, sad, and merry world, it comes nearer being truthful, perhaps, than the Sunday-school finds palatable. If children are in danger of getting harm from Rumpelstiltskin, or their parents of worshipping a Black Forest Calvary, by all means banish fairy tales and religious art for ever. The danger in both cases is about equal. Graven or written images are but the symbols of everlasting meanings, and help us to believe in miracle rather than science, sacrifice rather than self-interest, birth and mystery than the resolution of life into chemical equivalents.

Even the fairy story of undeniably religious significance is not moral as these materialistic religionists would choose all tales to be. Indeed, for the fairy tale to succeed, its influence must be neither intellectual nor ethical, but merely atmospheric, pass-

ing in wonder the nature of unliving things. What story was ever so sweet as *The Princess and the Goblin*, with its delicious adventures, its repulsive goblins, its true boy-hero; yet, above all, and running through it all, with the invisibly sure clue leading up the mystic stairway to the ever-young Godmother's spinning-wheel? I can hardly believe that any child rightly enthralled by this supremely beautiful tale of my father's, could fail to carry through life, though perhaps unconsciously, some sense of a living good behind all denials; a good more real and mighty than the most cherished boon that eye can see or hand can feel.

If we would bring our children up to be sweet, fearless and loving, no less than strong of limb and lung, we let them run wild among the ancient country things, the hills, the winds, the beasts and birds—all of them influences that need no professional sanction. So no less, if we are wise, we shall let their hearts find room to grow in the country and air of fairyland, and ask no approval from the moralist. The child's head and heart are as knowing as his stomach and lungs; give him right opportunity, and they will choose his food aright. Even though sweets are often eaten till the stomach is ruined, and fearful tales, sickly sugared with carnage and morals, are devoured till the heart's blood is curdled, this belief in healthy appetite should not the less be our trusty guide.

Ignorance of fairyland is the punishment of intellectual vanity—the vanity of the average pedagogue, who has forgotten that education means leading forth and not stuffing in. It is the vanity of the physiologist who, forgetting that the germ-plasm is a faculty of inheritance and enterprise, not an arrangement of molecules, thinks to create it in a test-tube. It is the vanity of the eugenicist who believes he will

improve upon those ancient ways of life which, for a few ages before Mendel and Weissmann, managed, all untutored, to evolve a reverent man something more marvellous than these modern academic things who seem so ignorant of their native virtues. To

the fairy tale we must often look, if we are to mend our ways with the child and lead him forth to find that mighty world, that true self, which is the idea of him laid up in the heart of God.

Greville Macdonald.

The Contemporary Review.

COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came, and, as prophesied by Mrs. Bullen, the Fleetwoods entertained a camp full of guests in a locality famous for wild duck. The Bullens themselves were of the party, though Fanny condemned the extra expenditure incurred over a Christmas camp by her old friends on the very eve of their retirement.

"Rubbish, my dear Fanny!" argued Mrs. Fleetwood. "What difference can it possibly make—feeding a few people more or less for the week?"

"A difference," replied Fanny with some asperity, "that, added to the cost of champagne and whiskey and wine and liqueurs, would probably furnish your bedroom quite nicely when you settle at home!"

"Oh! never mind my bedroom at home—things of that sort are so cheap in England. Do stop croaking about money and the future and allow us to enjoy our last Christmas week in India."

It was impossible to help enjoying the week. The bright, cloudless days in the crisp glory of the cold weather; the picnic luncheons out shooting; the expeditions on elephants and horseback to more distant hunting grounds; the cheerful evenings in the big tent, half dining, half sitting room, with a blazing wood fire at one end; the excellent catering and abundance of good fare; the stories, the jokes, the games,

and the more serious business of bridge. . . . There was general goodfellowship, and gaiety of spirits without any approach to rowdiness, for the average Anglo-Indian is, on the whole, an extremely well-mannered, self-respecting individual.

To his real regret Captain Somerton was not free to join the camp. He wrote to Mrs. Fleetwood that, since the death of the child, matters had taken a turn of perversity in the palace at Rotah. The Rajah was restless and refractory; and the Resident was of opinion that it might be best for the youth, as a form of mental and physical tonic, to begin his college experience earlier than had been intended originally. In consequence there was much to be done and arranged between now and the date of Rotah's departure . . . already in the Zenana outcry and opposition to this plan had commenced . . . the Rani was in despair, the Mummoo-bibi openly furious . . . every day some subtle objection was proffered, ill-omens discovered, excuses invented for delay . . . "and I really think," Captain Somerton concluded, "that Rotah himself will be as relieved as anybody once he is actually off!"

Fay was sorry Captain Somerton could not join the camp for Christmas. Her visit to his bungalow at Rotah had dispelled her resentful shyness of him, and she now felt that he was her

friend—she considered he had been exceedingly nice and polite, treating her as a young lady, so unlike the odious Sir Rowland Curtice, who tried to be jocosé at her expense!

However, the presence of Tom Gray in the camp more than compensated her for Captain Somerton's absence. And another Christmas guest who also claimed her interest was Captain Lewis Mickleham. He attracted her attention not so much as an individual as on account of the understanding that appeared to exist between him and Isabel. Otherwise Fay found him rather a dull person, and she did not admire his thick red moustache which he was forever twirling between his finger and thumb. From his behavior it would seem that he wished to be engaged to Isabel, but mystery clouded the situation, and Fay was much concerned until she discovered the truth.

She heard all about it as they came home one evening on the elephants after a long day's sport. Mrs. Fleetwood, Mrs. Bullen, and Fay were in the same howdah, the matrons seated in front, the girl behind them, and as she gazed over the howdah-side into the low, scrubby jungle, watching for possible glimpses of reptiles and wild animals disturbed by the elephants' progress, the low, confidential murmur of talk between her mother and Mrs. Bullen became less guarded, and Fay realized that the affair of Isabel and Captain Mickleham was under discussion. The words reached her ears quite plainly.

"John doesn't like it. He feels it puts Isabel in a false position. It seems the man proposed to her just before we came out into camp, but she was so secretive and told us nothing till the other day. Had I known about it, I shouldn't have asked him for Christmas. It was very wrong of Isabel to allow me to do it, considering

there can be no open engagement at present."

"Why didn't he write to his people before he proposed, if he must have their consent?" Mrs. Bullen inquired with sympathetic resentment.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Young people are so extraordinary nowadays. And it appears he hasn't written even yet. He says he thinks it would be more satisfactory to wait till the autumn, when he will be able to get leave, and speak to his father in person. It looks to me as if he feared opposition from his people—in which case, of course, we should insist on the whole thing being at an end. . . ."

"Girls are a nuisance! If the young man is dependent on his father I should say there certainly would be opposition, seeing that Isabel hasn't, and never will have, a penny," was Mrs. Bullen's uncompromising opinion, "though of course it's possible Lord Baldwin may be pleased that his son should want to marry a nice girl who is at least a lady, instead of a barmaid or an actress! Young men of that class seem to marry such dreadful people."

"I should be very sorry if poor Isabel were disappointed and made unhappy," said Mrs. Fleetwood distressfully. "I suppose we can only agree to the arrangement of having nothing definitely decided till he comes home and we are all in England together. But of course under any circumstances we can't allow a secret engagement—there can only be an understanding." She sighed. "I rather hoped at one time she would have listened to dear Mr. Dakin. He would make such a good husband! I invited him to join us for Christmas as a sort of last chance, but he wouldn't come. He wrote me a very nice letter, and of course I could read between the lines."

Mrs. Bullen glanced at her friend in pitying appreciation. Dear Emily!—she was so unworlly, so without sor-

did ambition—only so anxious that everybody should be happy, always recognizing the best in others, having no mean motives, no petty aspirations. Fanny felt she could beat those two silly, selfish girls with the fullest satisfaction.

So now Fay knew how matters stood concerning the Isabel-Mickleham affair; but she still remained mystified with regard to Marion and Tom Gray. Tom came for the whole week, and without question enjoyed himself entirely. He seemed no longer troubled because Marion would not marry him. Therefore Fay decided that he had ceased to care for her sister; she observed that he did not manoeuvre to be alone with Marion, as had been his tendency at Pahar Tal. His manner towards her was friendly and frank, just as he was friendly and frank with the rest of them. And when his day of departure came—he was the last of the guests to leave—his good-bye with Marion did not seem to affect him more than his parting with any other member of the family. They all stood outside the tents after breakfast and saw him ride away, a very workman-like figure in his riding kit, his breeches and gaiters, loose coat, and old sola-topee that he waved in farewell. The sun shone on his close-clipped head and blunt brown face, he smiled and shouted last words—repeated to the end his intention of spending the Christmas after next with them in England, when his furlough would be due . . .

Urged by the mischievous spirit of a youngest sister, Fay followed Marion into the tent when Tom Gray had disappeared through the trees of the mango-grove. She was agog to note if Marion betrayed the least regret over his departure. But Marion picked up the last copy of the *Queen* and studied the advertisements, humming a waltz tune carelessly. Then she said some-

thing to Fay about French translation, which caused the youngest sister to recollect that Akbar and Louisa had not been fed—that they might die of starvation if not tended immediately—to make vague proposals concerning time for French translation later on in the day.

Christmas week now being over Fay was tormented intermittently during the remainder of the tour by educational attentions from her sisters. When the camp was guestless, or there were no stations to pass through. Marion and Isabel found time to contemplate with shocked astonishment their pupil's ignorance and lack of ambition, and they became energetically anxious that she should recover lost ground. Fay endured it all with patient self-control, and recognized that matters might have been worse. The lessons were usually conducted out of doors—she would be set tasks and left to complete them under a tree or in the tent veranda, where she could dream and muse, and bask in the sensuous tranquillity of the atmosphere, and accomplish only barely enough work to preserve her from serious fault-finding.

At the end of February, when the heat increased perceptibly and tents were not altogether pleasant in the day-time, the return to headquarters again brought about an indefinite holiday for Fay. Marion and Isabel agreed that as there was so much to be done in preparation for leaving India, Fay's lessons must be neglected for the time . . . She would soon pick up everything, they said, once she got home and had regular teaching from professionals, could attend classes and lectures, &c.

Once back in the station, life became a whirl compared with the calmness of camp. Everybody seemed anxious to crowd as much amusement and as many social obligations as possible

into the last few weeks before the hot weather more or less emptied the place and rendered many forms of exercise and entertainment impossible for those who remained in the plains. The days were dusty and the heat increased, though it was yet nothing to the heat that must come later; the evenings were warm and voluptuous, scented with lime and mango blossoms; the nights, just now, radiant with moonlight, the wonderful moonlight of the East, so bright, so strong, that one can almost see to read by it . . .

The Fleetwood's were engrossed with final duties and preparations for departure. For various reasons, official and otherwise, the Commissioner found it impossible to carry out his scheme of a shooting expedition before his retirement. His disappointment was severe. Mrs. Fleetwood, for her part, had planned to pack and sell and auction the household effects during his absence. "Because," she told the girls, "your father will probably want to take everything we possess with him to England!"

It was a trying period. Already there had been a falling out over old Gunga. "He would be no use whatever in England!" Mrs. Fleetwood protested. "He would only get ill and die."

"So shall I," returned her husband crossly, "with nothing to do and nothing to ride and nothing to shoot. And how am I going to manage about my clothes without a bearer?"

"You always managed very well when we were on furlough, dear," soothed Mrs. Fleetwood, at the same time recollecting that she herself had acted unobtrusively as bearer on those occasions. "And parlormaids make very good valets. Besides, I don't think for a minute that Gunga's family would allow him to leave the country. It might be different if we were going home just for a few

months or even a year, but, you see, we are never coming back again."

She sighed. So did Mr. Fleetwood; and the two pairs of kind blue eyes met in a sad little smile of sorrowful understanding. They were sitting in the veranda, alone for a wonder, looking out over the green lawns and luxuriant growth of tree and shrub and creeper—the husband and wife who both had been born in India, as their parents were born there before them; had met and married in India; had passed thirty years of wedded existence together in India, save for rare intervals in England. And now they were about to leave this country for one where the conditions of life were entirely dissimilar, where settled habitation was the rule instead of the constant locomotion and frequent change of dwelling-place to which they were so accustomed, where space and time and income must all be differently apportioned. In spite of sentiment concerning "home," and "exile," a little fear, a little doubt, lay in the heart of each as to whether the future could ever be so happy, so congenial as the past. . . .

The Commissioner broke the significant pause. "Well," he said with an effort, "what about Gunga? Perhaps you are right, and he might only be a nuisance. Old as he is he might make love to the maids, or they to him! And there is his caste to be considered. I suppose we could hardly expect him to give up his country and his people and his customs at his age, though the dear old chap is miserable at the thought of parting from us, and swears he means to come."

"He doesn't in the least realize what it would mean," said Mrs. Fleetwood.

And to her relief, as well as according to her expectations, the question was finally decided by Gunga's own family, who travelled, a considerable party, from their village in the district,

all crammed into a bullock cart driven by a relation, in order to protest and remonstrate in person against this outrageous proposal to desert them on the part of their kinsman. Gunga's wife came too—a buxom person many years his junior, for Gunga had been a widower more than once. She was supported by several members of her own family, her mother and her grandmother among them—also there were Gunga's brother and sister and nephews and nieces, and connections as well as relatives of his former wives. They all lamented loudly in the compound throughout an entire night, till the old servant presented himself mournfully before his beloved master and mistress, crestfallen and distressed, to admit that the ties of blood were too powerful, and he must yield to the wishes of his people and the claims of his property—for the village from which the throng had journeyed was owned in part by Gunga himself. It is a remarkable fact how little the possession of land or money will affect the outward position of the average native of India. A domestic servant may be, and very often is, a comparatively rich man; the half-naked shopkeeper squatting on his heels in the bazaar weighing out grain and spice may be an actual millionaire. . . .

After this Gunga went about his duties looking as though he were about to be hanged; but how Mrs. Fleetwood would ever have managed without him at this juncture she often afterwards wondered. He obtained astonishing prices for rubbish, he produced articles long ago forgotten from remote corners and cupboards—all jealously and honestly treasured and guarded as household property that might some day prove of use. He made himself the terror of the compound—no irregularities, no petty pilferings that might deprive his master of even an anna

were permitted to pass, and storms and quarrels were perpetual in the back premises. He packed indefatigably and forgot nothing—for had not these English people, in the language of the East, been "his father and his mother" these many years past? He loved them with the faithful, loyal devotion of which the right sort of native is capable when his lot is cast with the right sort of Europeans. "Like master like man" is a proverb that applies more nearly to India than to any other country in the world.

Perhaps the only member of the household who was more unhappy than old Gunga was the Commissioner's youngest daughter. Poor Fay wandered about the bungalow and compound the picture of disconsolation, and to add to her grief it was decreed that Akbar and Louisa were not to accompany her to England. The head ayah petitioned that she might have Louisa. "Such an excellent cat, Miss-babba," the woman pleaded, "and I will give her a great deal of food." But Fay distrusted the good faith of the sweeper, the ayah's husband, a domestic bully and tyrant; she had hideous visions of curried Louisa should the family fortunes fall, or the "billi" prove too expensive a possession. Her suggestion that Louisa should be returned to the Rajah of Rotah met with derision, and eventually a home was secured for her with some children who were soon to be despatched by their parents to the hills—who were enchanted with the beautiful white cat that had one eye blue and the other yellow. Akbar was committed to Gunga's charge, who swore he should want for nothing till he died, which of course under such care and protection could only be years hence and only of old age.

The retirement of the Fleetwoods was a social event of melancholy importance in the station. Everybody

deplored their departure, even those who had obtained such astonishing bargains from the list of articles for sale circulated by Mrs. Fleetwood among the European community. It was everywhere agreed that the family would be a great loss socially as well as officially. . . . There was a rumor that the new Commissioner did not intend to take a house at all! His wife was at home, he would live at the club for the hot weather and in tents for the winter, so that the big bungalow and compound were likely to stand empty and neglected—there would be no more pleasant gatherings in the drawing-room or on the lawns, for the present at any rate.

Mrs. Fleetwood undertook countless commissions to be executed the moment she arrived in London; she promised to go and see girls and boys at school all over England, to call on mothers and aunts and "people" and wives who were at home with the children, to select and despatch a dress for one friend, a hat for another, drawing-room curtains for somebody else, even to superintend a trousseau; all with the readiest good will and sincerest intention.

The regret was universal when the train bore the Fleetwoods out of the railway station, waving from the windows of the saloon carriage that was choked with superfluous luggage and the farewell offerings of friends. To the last the family travelled in comfort, for Mr. Fleetwood had procured an inspection carriage to take them down to Bombay, so that with a kitchen attached to it, their own cook and butler to attend to them, as well as old Gunga, who was to see them sail, the journey was likely to be as pleasant as heat and dust would permit.

The Times.

Among the multitude of Indian pictures that Fay carried in her memory to England was this departure from headquarters on the first stage of their travels. The railway station thronged with friends, both English and Indian, to bid the family farewell; the servants, a weeping group with pathetic parting presents of fruit and tight little nosegays, all from the Commissioner's own garden, but none the less appreciated as tokens of good feeling; agitated bands of native officials and clerks tendering boxes of grapes from Kabul, nuts of various kinds, and remarkable sweetmeats that glistened and oozed, attracting swarms of flies. Mr. Fleetwood silent, self-controlled; his wife tearful, overcome, exchanging last words with people who all assured her they meant to look her up at once directly they got home themselves.

Captain Mickleham was not at the station, since regimental duty had claimed him, but he sent a large bunch of violets and a note for Isabel. Just as the train was moving a tall, slim figure in black clothes dashed on to the platform and ran along by the carriage windows attempting, dangerously, to shake hands with each of those inside. It was the Rev. Arthur Dakin, the young chaplain, but the only person in the compartment whose hand he could not reach was Isabel's because at sight of him she shrank back into a far corner; and when she did start forward from her seat it was too late, the train had almost cleared the station. She could only wave her hand to the black form that stood hatless, motionless, among the moving throng of native passengers that still crowded the platform.

(To be continued)

THE COMMON BASIS OF RELIGION.

The problem of religion, or man's bond of union or communion with God, is mainly concerned with two important issues: first, what is the nature and extent of our knowledge of God? Second, what is the common basis of all religions on which a universal system can be built up?

The conception of the Divine Nature is as old as the date of creation. From time immemorial man's mind has been exercised to attain to a true knowledge of the Divinity. The Vedas inculcate monotheism. The unity of Godhead is also the doctrine of the Koran. As in the Christian doctrine of Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—there is unity of Godhead in the three-fold character of revelation, fulfilment, and inspiration of law or truth, so the Hindu triad of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva represents the three-fold power of creation, preservation, and destruction inherent in the One Absolute Being. The numerous deities of the Hindu pantheon represent either abstract qualities or concrete objects, the former being a manifestation of God in mind, the latter in nature. The image in which any of these is worshipped is simply a medium intended for obtaining knowledge of God through mental attributes or for rising from Nature to Nature's God.

The beautiful and harmonious design manifest in the universe unmistakably points to an Intelligent Designer. The Atomic or Evolution theory fails to account for the origin of creation. Matter is dull and inert. By no process of combination or separation of its properties, such as length, breadth, thickness, elasticity, cohesion &c., can it be endued with thought or design. The stupendous works of creation, the mountains, the

seas, the sun, the moon, the starry firmament, etc., have each a manifest design to fulfil. The sun is intended to give light and heat, can it be contended that the atoms composing the substance of the sun held a council among themselves before its formation with a view to produce it for the purpose it is meant to subserve? The Atomic theory, then,—that the universe is a result of a fortuitous combination of atoms, that there has been cosmos out of chaos—fails to solve the problem of the origin of creation.

The design theory, however, fails to establish the capacity of finite intellect to comprehend an Infinite Intelligence. God is perfect and absolute; we are finite and imperfect beings.

Is it possible for the finite to attain to a knowledge of the Infinite? Can the imperfect realize consciousness of perfection? A little consideration will show that God is not unknowable as the Sankhya Philosophy and Positivism would have us believe. Our finite and imperfect knowledge implies the conception or the ideal of what is Infinite and perfect. The knowledge of a limit implies an actual transcendence of it. There is a vast difference between our ideal of perfection and our actual attainment. However great our progress towards it may be, we are conscious that it yet falls far short of our ideal. We are conscious of our moral infirmities, yet we can feel that there is no point of moral progress beyond which we may not aspire. We know that our knowledge is limited; nevertheless, there is no limit to it in our conception. This boundless capacity of progress, while we have a secret ideal of perfection immeasurably higher than our highest actual attainments, is what is called a potential infinitude in our nature as spirit-

ual beings. That is to say, the spiritual nature and life of man are capable of realizing the consciousness of God and our essential relation to him. We can only be conscious of imperfection because we have within us, latent or explicit, a standard of absolute perfection by which we measure ourselves. The soundness of this proposition is confirmed even by common experience. We can pronounce one's conduct as bad or unjust because we have our idea of goodness and justice. God is absolute and perfect, and our knowledge of Him as such is involved in the knowledge of ourselves as relative and imperfect. It is our knowledge of God and the relation of our nature as spiritual beings to Him which alone gives reality to our partial knowledge and makes us aware that it is partial.

It may be contended that the conception of our imperfect knowledge is forced upon us by the presence of any intelligence relatively greater, however imperfect in itself; that nothing so vast as a knowledge of an Infinite Being is needed in order to make us conscious of our own finitude. But it is forgotten that the standard of measurement of our finitude is applicable to all stages of human attainment. It is a standard which, whatever may be the degree of our spiritual progress, would still reveal to us our own imperfection. We do not ultimately measure our knowledge or become conscious of its limited and imperfect character by comparison with any man's knowledge, because that also may be imperfect and erroneous. But by referring to an absolute knowledge, we invariably act on the conviction that it is an infallible standard and an ultimate criterion of certitude.

Even skepticism cannot avoid the conclusion which it attempts to dispute. In the very act of doubting, it arrogates to itself a knowledge which

it asserts it does not possess. To be able to pronounce human knowledge as defective and imperfect, the skeptic must necessarily have an ideal of absolute and perfect knowledge in comparison with which his verdict is pronounced. The very denial of an absolute intelligence in us could have no other significance but as a tacit appeal to its presence. An implied knowledge of God in this sense is proved by the very attempt to deny it.

The fact that God is not cognizable to the senses does not affect our knowledge of Him. The mind equally with God is invisible, yet we know what our mind is. That is to say, we know God by His attributes, such as omnipotence, omniscience, justice, mercy, &c., just as we know the mind by its functions, such as perception, imagination, memory, attention, &c.

According to addition, by adding infinitude to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in One Being, we form our idea of the great sovereign of Nature. Our ideas of justice and mercy, for instance, are limited and imperfect; by adding infinitude to them, we obtain an idea of infinite justice and mercy, and so on with regard to other moral qualities. This shows that there is a vast gulf between the functions of the soul and the attributes of the Deity. "The soul in relation to God is like the asymptotes of a hyperbola which draw nearer and nearer but never touch." In the Bible it is said that man was made after the image of God, which means that the Divine essence is reflected on the human soul. The soul makes a near approach to its prototype or falls away from it according as it is spiritually developed or depraved. As a dirty mirror does not reflect objects clearly, so a vitiated or corrupt soul does not transparently reflect the Divine image. Purity of soul

is an essential condition of seeking after God. The requisite qualification is moral rather than intellectual. Neither the cobwebs of metaphysics of the schoolmen, nor the proud philosophy of the positivist or the evolutionist has succeeded in throwing any light on this important subject. "The first condition of success," as observed by Professor Tyndall, "is an honest receptivity and a willingness to abandon all preconceived notions, however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth."

According to the Bhagavat Geeta and the philosophy of Descartes the knowledge of our soul is the foundation of all knowledge relating to God and the universe. The cartesian theory is based upon the dictum *cogito ergo sum*—I think therefore I exist. Taking our stand upon this ground we rise to the perception of the existence of the Deity. For our belief in his existence is an irrefragable proof that He exists. Otherwise, whence does this belief arise? Since nothing can come out of nothing and since no effect can be without a cause, it follows that the idea we have of God must have an origin, and this origin, whatever name we give it, is no other than God. Thus our ultimate proof of His existence is our idea of it.

Our knowledge of God or truth is introspective or intuitional and not experiential or developmental. If seeking after God were to depend upon training or education, then, as the major part of mankind are ignorant or uneducated, they would be hopelessly debarred from the privilege. Such a hypothesis would be inconsistent with the Divine attributes of justice and mercy. God is truth. Want of knowledge of such truth in consequence of want of education would lead men astray from the right path. Such moral anomaly cannot be reconciled with the omniscience, infinite justice

and mercy of God. Moral responsibility under the providence of a just and beneficent Ruler implies an intuitive perception of truth. The theory of intuition, then, is a key to the solution of the important problem—how to know or seek after God. There is a sufficient provision in our moral constitution fitting us for the inquiry. Our religious relation to God—the transcendence of all that is finite and relative, and the elevation of the finite spirit to communion with an Infinite and Absolute Spirit—is a thing which is involved in the very nature of man. In the nature of man as an intelligent, self-conscious being, there is provision made enabling him to rise above what is material and finite, and to find the realization of his natural yearning in an Infinite Spiritual Perfection. An earnest spirit of enquiry after truth is a *sine qua non* of Divine knowledge. Our soul naturally yearns after God and truth.

As a river runs into the sea, so our soul pants after Infinite Perfection unless there is an impediment obstructing its free and spontaneous flow. Above all, what food is to the body, religion is to the soul. As starvation causes physical death, so irreligion causes spiritual death or negation of humanity.

When we have known that God is Absolute and Perfect, we have still to enquire whether His providence is general or particular, in other words, whether His established laws of nature by which the universe is set going are mere substitutes for His own action or whether these laws or forces are no other than His Will-force. For, in the former alternative, God is reduced to a mere mechanical harmony or order, and not a living personality to whom our nature instinctively offers love and veneration. The philosophical name for the latter conception is the immanence of God—God

not outside but in the universe. The relation of the physical universe to God is analogous to that of our body to our soul. It is the mind or the soul which excites or stimulates the bodily actions. When the eye sees, the ear hears, the tongue speaks, it is through the mental energy transfused into these organs. The intimate connection between the body and the mind does not imply that my body is myself, the ego. Similarly the universe is the body of God but as it is gross to confound the body with the man, so it is gross to confound the universe with God—which is Pantheism. Pantheism and the immanence of God do not mean the same thing, and belief in the immanence does not involve Pantheism. Pantheism is the doctrine that All is God and God is All, that every existence is Deity and that Deity is every existence, that God and the universe are coterminous and identical. "The Immanence of God," says Dr. Martineau, "is by no means opposed to the transcendency of God, and the fact of Divine action being everywhere and always through the physical universe, affords no inference that there are not spheres of Divine existence transcending and beyond that universe." Pantheism denies that the One Infinite Being is a person—is a free, holy and loving intelligence. It represents our consciousness of freedom and sense of responsibility as illusions. God, according to Pantheism, alone is. All individual existences are merely His manifestations, all our deeds, whether good or bad, are His actions, and yet while All is God, and God is All, there is no God who can hear us or understand us—no God to love us or care for us—no God able or willing to help us. Pantheism represents absorption in Deity, the losing of self in God as the highest good of humanity, but this is a mere caricature of that idea of communion with

God in which religion must find its realization, as Pantheism leaves neither a self to surrender nor a personal God to whom to surrender it. The absorption of the finite in the infinite which Pantheism preaches is as different from that surrender of the soul to God dwelling in us and we in God, as night is from day, as death is from life.

As to the second part of the problem under consideration, *viz.*, the common basis of religion, it may be observed that it is only in the observance of rituals or rites, the modes of worship or prayer, and in the performance of religious or domestic ceremonies and not in cardinal principle, that there are differences in religion. The Hindu may recite his *mantras* in a temple, the Mahomedan perform his *namaz* in a mosque, and the Christian say his prayers in a church, but all these are meant to express, in a place dedicated to Divine service, our feelings of reverence and gratitude to the same Almighty Father, for it is the one and the same being of whom the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible speak. Thus a liberal interpretation of the real character of these three systems of religion and of others which may be similarly explained, goes to show that there is perfect harmony among them. Considered in their essential basic principles, they are not rival and antagonistic, but friendly and co-operative institutions having one common object in view, *i.e.*, to promote equality, fraternity and plety.

Reconciliation of the fundamental points of faith is not however of so much practical importance as improvement in the moral tone of religions. Religion may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise for the regulation of our conduct and the discharge of our duties. The one is the province of

faith, the other of morality. Faith seems to draw its principle, if not all its excellence from the influence it has upon morality, and no article of faith can be true and authentic that weakens or subverts morality, which is the practical part of religion.

Religious rites and ceremonies are intended to produce good moral results—to form an excellent moral character by purifying the heart. It cannot be said that purity of heart can be attained only by minute and punctilious observance of such rites and ceremonies and not otherwise. Such being the case, want of uniformity in their observance is not of any practical moment. Moral efficacy is the true test of their usefulness and if that is secured, although by different methods, religious antipathy or persecution, based upon such want of uniformity, is highly unjustifiable. Proselytizing zeal, to be of any value, should be directed to make converts to ideas of sound morality which are invariable and universal, and not to those of customary or religious formalities which are variable and local. The moral standard being common to all systems of true religion can easily reconcile all differences in them and will meet with little or no opposition. The excellent moral teachings of the Bible are ac-

The Hindustan Review.

ceptable to a Hindu or Mohammedan whose Geeta and the Koran may be read with advantage by a Christian. Manu Sanhita defines or enumerates the ten distinctive features of *dharma* or religion as follows: Patience, forgiveness, self-control, non-stealing or want of covetousness, purity, restraint of the senses or passions, wisdom, learning, truthfulness, equanimity or want of irritability.

Christ's sermons are full of admirable lessons on morality which are well-known. Some of them are mentioned here in order to show that they are the counterpart of moral precepts imparted by Hinduism and Buddhism.

Blessed are the pure in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God, &c.

The following are a few extracts from the Dharmapada, an excellent collection of the moral precepts of Buddha. "Let us live happily, not hating those who hate us. Among men that hate us let us live free from hatred. Let one overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, and the liar by truth."

K. C. Kanjilal.

MRS. NICKLEBY'S TENDER-MINDEDNESS.

The late Professor James, of Harvard, was wont to divide philosophers into two classes, the Tender Minded and the Tough Minded. At times he varied the phraseology by referring to them as the Thick and the Thin; at other times as the tenderfooted Bostonian and the Rocky Mountain Tough. The Tender Minded are, according to Professor James, the philosophers of a speculative turn, the Rationalists, "go-

ing by principles"; the Tough Minded are the Empiricists, "going by facts." Further, the Tender Minded are "Intellectualistic," "Idealistic," "Optimistic" and "Dogmatical"; the Tough Minded are "Materialistic," "Pessimistic," "Skeptical." If we are to believe James, there is little love lost between these two classes of thinkers. "The Tough think of the Tenders as sentimentalists and soft heads. The Tender

feel the Tough to be unrefined, callous or brutal." The Tender Minded spin their fine cobwebs of theory, but the Tough Minded look abroad "on the colossal universe of concrete facts, the awful bewilderments, the surprises and cruelties, and the wildness things show," and at least face all that, if they can't explain it.

Now it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Nickleby was one of the tender minded. She had all the marks of her class. She was sentimental, speculative, optimistic and dogmatical. It is very significant that the first recorded word that fell from her lips was the word "Speculate." Her husband was looking round for some way of increasing his capital, and, in his perplexity, turned to his wife for light. A tough minded person would have said "Economize." A very tough minded person would have instituted certain domestic economies right away. But Mrs. Nickleby was tender minded, therefore she said, "Speculate with it." "Speculate—late, my dear," said Mr. Nickleby, as though in doubt. "Why not?" asked Mrs. Nickleby. "Because, my dear, if we should lose it we should no longer be able to live, my dear." "Fiddle," said Mrs. Nickleby. "I'm not altogether sure of that, my dear," said Mr. Nickleby. Perhaps Mr. Nickleby did not trust his musical powers in the event of the speculation turning out a failure. Perhaps he only distrusted his wife. In any case we know what happened. Mr. Nickleby's speculations were effectually closed. Not so his widow's. To the end she remained true to the observation she made to Mr. Newman Noggs—that Rocky Mountain Tough, who dwelt at the opposite pole of the spiritual universe: "I understand you, Mr. Noggs. Our thoughts are free, of course. Everybody's thoughts are their own, clearly."

Of Mrs. Nickleby's incorrigible optimism many examples might be given.

It was an optimism that simply declared the goodness of things. Mr. Chesterton gives us the story of a little girl who defined an optimist as a "man who looks after your eyes." This definition will not fit Mrs. Nickleby. Her eyes had nothing to do with her optimism. Rather it was the optimism that "deliberately excludes evil from its field of vision." Of Ralph Nickleby's face, *e. g.*, she remarked, "It is a very honest face." Messrs. Pyke and Pluck were two very perfect knights. Mrs. Witterly was a very "superior person." It is to be noted that this optimistic estimate of Mrs. Witterly—who, by the way, was also one of the tender minded, "the snuff of a candle, the wick of a lamp, the bloom on a peach, the down on a butterfly" as her husband observed—had the most meagre foundation in fact. But Mrs. Nickleby was not one of the empirics who "go by facts." She had a truly royal contempt for these disagreeable things. Is it not on record that she once recommended three dozen lobsters as good for the appetite, and added, "If I said lobsters I meant oysters. It's all the same." That Mrs. Nickleby therefore based her estimate of Mrs. Witterly on appearance rather than on reality, does not surprise us. "What a superior person Mrs. Witterly is," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Do you think so, mamma?" was all Kate's reply. "Why, who could help thinking so, Kate, my love," rejoined her mother. "She is pale enough and looks much exhausted."

Mrs. Nickleby's optimism however, was capable of more daring flights. When Kate was engaged by Madame Mantalini, her mother at once announced that the millinery profession meant health and fortune. This highly disputable thesis had to be maintained against Miss La Creevy, a tough minded little person who "went by facts," because she knew what it

was to work for her living. Nevertheless Mrs. Nickleby triumphed. The facts, it is true, were of the vaguest. But the conclusion was beyond doubt. Did the young lady, *e. g.*, who brought home Mrs. Nickleby's "chip cottage bonnet, with white and green trimming and green Persian lining," drive up in her own carriage or in a hackney chariot? Mrs. Nickleby wasn't sure. What she did know was that "the horse dropped down dead as he was turning round, and that Mr. Nickleby said he hadn't had any corn for a fortnight." This appeal to memory would have shaken any ordinary mind. It only confirmed Mrs. Nickleby. "There must have been some young person in that way of business who made a fortune, and why should not Kate do the same?" When Miss La Creevy gently insinuated that it might take something more than a lifetime to achieve that happy result, Mrs. Nickleby said she had a presentiment on the subject. That closed the discussion, for, of course, there is no reply to the mystic. From that moment Mrs. Nickleby's triumph was assured. Miss La Creevy remembered three young milliners who were all very pale. "Oh, that's not a general rule by any means," said Mrs. Nickleby, "for I remember, as well as if it was only yesterday, employing one that I was particularly recommended to, to make me a scarlet cloak at the time when scarlet cloaks were fashionable, and she had a very red face—a very red face indeed." "Perhaps she drank!" suggested Miss La Creevy. "I don't know how that may have been," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "but she had a very red face, so your argument goes for nothing."

Here, surely, is the working of a truly speculative mind. Mrs. Nickleby demanded a certain kind of universe, and, lo, by an intellectual fiat, it was called into being. "Happiness," says a

penetrating thinker, "like every other emotional state, has blindness and insensibility to opposing fact given it as its instinctive weapons for self protection against disturbance." Mrs. Nickleby illustrates this. She was to go west on fine evenings to meet Kate after the day's labors in the millinery establishment were over. The wet evenings and the winter evenings, and Kate's daily martyrdom were left out of account. It was an ideal arrangement. Kate was Mrs. Nickleby's Pippa. And, as Pippa passed day by day to her tasks, Mrs. Nickleby might have repeated, no doubt, with appropriate feeling, "Mrs. Nickleby's in her easy chair, all's right with the world."

Mrs. Nickleby's claim to be ranked among the tender minded might be urged at considerable length. Philosophy, *e. g.*, has been defined as the thinking of things together. Is it not the case that a fine warm summer day, with the birds singing in all directions, always made Mrs. Nickleby think of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce, and made gravy? "Roast pig? Let me see. I hardly think we ever could have had one, for your poor papa could not bear the sight of them in the shops. . . . Its very odd now, what could have put that into my head? I recollect dining once at Mrs. Bevans' in that broad street round the corner by the coachmaker's, where the tipsy man fell through the cellar flap of an empty house nearly a week before the quarter day, and wasn't found till the new tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think, that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room that would go on singing all the time of dinner—at least not a little bird, for he was a parrot, and he did not sing exactly, for he talked and swore dreadfully. But I think it must be that. Indeed I am sure it must."

The passage, as a piece of victorious

synthesis, is characteristic. With facts Mrs. Nickleby's mind was helpless. But in speculation it wrought rapidly and freely. Kate had met Sir Mulberry Hawk. It was a hateful and to be forgotten meeting. But Mrs. Nickleby heard of it, and at once we have this. "Lady Mulberry Hawk. On Tuesday last at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Llandaff, Sir Mulberry Hawk, of Mulberry Castle, North Wales, to Catharine, only daughter of the late Nicholas Nickleby, Esquire, of Devonshire." "Upon my word," cried Mrs. Nickleby, "it sounds very well."

It sounds very well. That takes us far into the heart of Mrs. Nickleby. Kate would be presented at Court. And on the anniversary of her birthday, which was on the 19th of July, there would be a great feast to the tenants of the castle, and Sir Mulberry in the fulness of his heart would return three and a half per cent of the amount of the last half year's rents. And Kate's portrait would be in all the papers. And perhaps there would be a portrait of Lady Hawk's mother. And, as that entrancing thought sprang up in Mrs. Nickleby's mind, she assumed the right portrait expression, the prim simper which a fashionable lady ought to wear in the presence of the artist. And so on. Nicholas was eating his heart out in Dotheboys

The Dickensian.

Hall, and Kate was eating her heart out as a companion to that ecstatic person, Mrs. Witterly, and Mrs. Nickleby was creating a universe out of nothing. And it was all very good. She was alone in a shabby lodging house, yet she was sitting—with the correct expression switched on for the occasion—sitting for her portrait to a fashionable painter.

There was one occasion and one only when Mrs. Nickleby said, "I don't know." That was when a clear moral issue was presented to her. Nicholas had come back from Yorkshire charged with theft. It was an occasion for speaking out in the name of humanity and justice. Kate was aflame with indignation. "What do you say?" she asked her mother. "You know that he has done nothing disgraceful." "I don't know what to think one way or another," said Mrs. Nickleby. "But don't let us talk any more about it. We can go to the workhouse, or the Refuge for the Destitute, or the Magdalen Hospital." And "with this extraordinary jumble of charitable institutions, Mrs. Nickleby gave way to tears."

"Sentimental, speculative, optimistic, dogmatical." Who will deny to Mrs. Nickleby a place among the Tender Minded? Of course, if "it's all the same" whether we say "lobsters or oysters" she is justified.

W. R. Thomson.

A BROKEN REED.

We were raked by the eyes of Orrington as we passed down the High street on our way to evening service. It got suddenly on my nerves.

"What keeps you in that beastly, gossiping, provincial hole?" I demanded of Lattery.

He turned an absent glance upon

me, and hitched his roll of music in the old, young way a little higher under his arm. Then my question penetrated his mind.

"What an irritable brute you always were, Cutty," he remarked, pleasantly. "What's the matter with the place? It's only dull, and if you, by simply spending a week-end with

me, can relieve its monotony, why need you object? It's not even as if it were you they were specially interested in; any stranger would do." His humorous glance invited me to rise to the bait.

"But it's you we're talking about," I said, declining it. "Why stay? Is there anything to keep you?"

He was thoughtful a moment. "I don't know that I've ever actually asked myself that," he ruminated; "but—well, yes, I suppose there's Robin Gay."

"Robin——?"

"One of my pupils."

It was characteristic of Lattery to state a fact, like that, without offering an explanation. We were at the vestry roof, and with a nod and another hitch of his music he left me, and went in.

The beauty of the spring evening tugged at my heart, and I hesitated. But Lattery and an organ were a combination not to be resisted; I went into the Parish Church of Orrington.

It held the typical Sunday-evening congregation of a small country town. A sprinkling of gentlefolk (the devout nucleus of the morning congregation), a considerable number of shopkeepers with their families, a few pairs of young lovers, and several groups of boys and girls separated but agreeably conscious of proximity and mutual admiration. And, all told, the church was still half empty.

Across a rather large area of vacant pews my eyes travelled, till they rested on a group of three in the north transept—and were held. A thin, large-boned woman of between thirty-five and forty sat in the corner of the pew, slowly turning the leaves of a hymn-book. Once she looked across to the hymn-board opposite her, and I saw her eyes. They were dull, heavy, unarresting. She was dressed, rigidly and unbecomingly, in a black dress

with touches of white, and a white hat with touches of black; nothing to differentiate her, I thought, from half a dozen mothers of her age and class in other pews. At the outer extremity of the seat was a tall, hard-featured man of fifty-five or so, with small alert eyes and lips of an iron grip. Between these two sat a lad of about sixteen.

It was something in the boy's attitude that first caught my attention: the easy grace of the arm flung half over the back of the seat and supporting his head seemed singularly out of place in the environment of decorous, rather inert religion, and stiff, awkwardly worn Sunday clothes. Not that his own clothes were different; his dark suit was of some coarse material and badly cut, but it could not wholly hide the grace of the young body, nor spoil at all the singularly alive, yet at the same time aloof, look in the eyes, and the fine, free poise of the head flung back to rest on his hand. Such a hand! But I had barely time to guess the meaning of those long, sensitive fingers before his father (I was obliged to admit it must be his father) leaned towards him with some curt whispered word, and the boy quickly drew down his arm, a swift flush overspreading his face. The mother took no notice; over her open hymn-book her face was impassive as that of a statue.

"Poor lad," I thought, with a little leap of sympathy, "what a setting for that temperament!"

And then, with what was less music than a soft throb of ecstasy at the touch of a master hand, the organ spoke. Instinctively I glanced at the boy—and found what I sought. Not in anything he looked or did, but simply in the tense, unconscious stillness that bound him as with a charm. Beyond all doubt I knew that Lattery was getting from him his exquisite

due—that that soft sea of sound throbbed in his throat and surged in his soul with a vast lift and sweep that was half agony. And on the boy's right his father sat with keen, curious eyes that discreetly roved, as impervious to those harmonies as if he had been stone-deaf; and on his left was his mother, dull, stiff, with bent, unheeding head. Three quiet figures—and the ripening material of tragedy. . . .

"Well?" demanded Lattery, when we were back, and he had put a match to the fire without which it is his admirable habit not to spend a single evening of the year.

"Well what?" I inquired, surprised, for my last remark had referred simply to this custom of his.

He looked at me, whimsically. "Aren't you going to tell me, Cutty?"

And then I remembered the uncanny power—or is it merely sympathy?—by which Lattery could always reach beyond the word to the thought.

"Well, it's nothing much," I confessed, half-embarrassed. "I was only thinking of a boy I saw in that church of yours."

"What boy?"

"How should I know? A lad who sat in the transept between a hard-headed tradesman of a father and a fossilized mother."

"Oh!" Lattery smiled in a pleased, absorbed way. "So you found him? I hoped you would. You always did have that kind of sense, Cutty. That's Robin Gay."

"What? The boy you——?"

"Yes."

There was something exciting in the quiet confidence of Lattery's manner.

"He's as good as all that?" I asked.

Lattery's gesture was final. "He's got all there is to have."

Then I understood Robin Gay's hold on Lattery—Lattery, who can interpret like a god but not create;

Lattery, who has much, yet infinitely less than there is to have, and mourns it with an everlasting sorrow.

"Piano?" I asked, after a pause.

"That's what I'm *teaching* him," Lattery answered, and of the sadness of that emphasis he was unaware. "And, of course, harmony. There's no time for more. But in the end it will be everything; he will make music. Unless——"

"Yes?"

"Well, opposition at home is pretty strong. And he has the defects of his qualities—a kind of weakness, emotional recklessness, liability to wild resentments and passionate despairs."

"There must," I mused, "be scope for all those with such a mother and such——"

Lattery smiled. "I *thought* you'd come a cropper over the mother, Cutty. Just you be careful."

I stared—and was. "Well, his father, anyway, looks like an undertaker—and one who'd bury you alive if trade were bad."

Lattery nodded. "Same thing," he said. "He's the principal draper and house-furnisher in the town, and so has buried most of the others alive. And he means to have Robin in his shop."

"That boy? Measuring calico? Absurd!"

"He'll do it yet, though, if he can."

"Only of course he can't! And, since he's let him learn music——"

"But he hasn't."

"What? I thought you said——?"

"Yes, but his father doesn't know."

Lattery made an impatient gesture, fretting, as ever, against the yoke of detailed explanation. "If you'll stay till Tuesday," he said, "you can come and see for yourself; I give him his lesson on Monday night."

Three hours earlier I should have said it was impossible for me to stay till Tuesday; at that very moment,

had there been the slightest chance of pumping Lattery successfully, I should have said the same thing; as it was, I ascertained that a telegraph and telephone office was within five minutes' walk of the house, and stayed.

It was after eight o'clock the next evening when Lattery and I passed the big block of shops in the High Street marked "Gay and Son." The last of the shutters was just being put up for the night.

"He's begun early with the 'Son,'" I remarked.

Lattery glanced up. "Oh, that was for the other one," he said, offering again a crumb of information with that maddening air of its being the whole loaf. But I knew it was useless to protest. Lattery expects you to be able to fill in a continent from the outline of a headland; it is what he can do himself.

We did not go in at one of the shop entrances. Instead, Lattery turned down a side street, and entered a dimly lighted, second-hand book shop that adjoined the back of Gay and Son's premises.

"Hullo, Brownlaw," he said.

"Good evening, sir." An elderly man left his sole customer and showed us into a back room. Then he returned to the shop, carefully shutting the door behind him. Lattery went straight to a small lamp that stood on a side table, and, with the absent-mindedness of long habit, lighted it. "This way," he said, and opened another door.

We were suddenly treading a vast dusty region of draughty corridors and bare-floored rooms. I realized that we must be in the warehouses at the back of Gay and Son's shops. Once Lattery delivered himself of a sentence.

"Mrs. Gay's plan," he said; "I've come in this way for the last ten

years; people think I'm having a chat with old Brownlaw."

Then we were at the foot of an uncarpeted staircase, and from an open door at the top of it shone a light. It grew suddenly stronger; Mrs. Gay was at the head of the stairs, holding a lamp high.

"Is that you, Mr. Lattery?" There was a quiver of apprehension in her voice, but it was low and musical, with a refinement of intonation for which I was unprepared. I grasped that I had indeed "come a cropper" over Mrs. Gay.

"Yes. Don't be alarmed." Lattery's voice was soothing; there was a sort of gentle ceremoniousness in his manner with her. "It is my friend, Mr. Curtice, and you will not mind." For an instant he hesitated, as though seeking a phrase; in the end he used the simplest. "He cares, you know, as we do."

She nodded, accepting me implicitly at his valuation, and her "Come in, please" was full of unconscious revelation; it showed me for what Lattery counted in her life. I doubt if she knew it herself; certainly Lattery did not. I felt as if my eyes had inadvertently rested on some illuminating word in a letter not mine—a word the significance of which had escaped both writer and reader.

Mrs. Gay shut the door behind us, and at a glance I saw the complete fitness of the room for any purpose of privacy. It was very long and very narrow, scarcely more than a passage between the rooms at the front and back of the house. There were no windows; light and air were obtained by means of a skylight, so that the place was practically sound-proof. It was piled high round the walls with stored furniture, and there had been no attempt to make it comfortable, or even free from dust. Half a dozen pianos filled up one end of the room;

one of these was open, and in front of it sat Robin Gay. He had his back to us, and was playing something softly—tentatively.

"Robin!" said Lattery, with sharp authority.

The boy started, turning so suddenly that the dream still clung about his eyes. Then, like mist, it vanished, and he stood up. He was just a schoolboy, caught on forbidden ground.

"I'm sorry, sir—I forgot."

Lattery crossed the room to him, and we both heard him administer a stinging reprimand. I wondered how Mrs. Gay would take it. She turned to me, taking it, like the boy himself, with a very lovable humility, as just punishment.

"Mr. Lattery doesn't let him do that yet," she explained, softly. "He must learn more first. Let us go to the other end of the room; Robin has his harmony lesson first."

I drew two chairs from among the piled-up furniture. When I succeeded in finding a couple of cushions as well, Mrs. Gay thanked me, turning her dull, unsmiling eyes on me. It was then that I saw how shallow had been my first estimate of her. There was, indeed, no light in her eyes; they were darkly, opaquely grey; but it was the greyness of fires extinguished, not the eternal coldness of rock.

Something of my interest must, I think, have reached her.

"I saw you looking at Robin in church," she said.

"Yes; I couldn't help it. But I only heard afterwards who he was. I have never known my friend speak with such certainty of anyone."

"Are you a musician, too?" she asked, quickly.

"No."

"But he said—" she broke off. "Not that it matters—what you call yourself, I mean. I could tell at once. You don't only hear the things that

people say; you see them, don't you?—and feel them, as if it was to you they'd happened. There aren't any people in Orrington that I ever met, like that, except Mr. Lattery. And you're his friend." She started, as the skylight creaked beneath a sudden puff of wind. "I'm very stupid lately," she apologized. "I think it's the strain and suspense; the time is so near now."

By my silence she divined my ignorance.

"Mr. Lattery didn't tell you, then? It's Robin I mean. He is preparing him for the Festival, and it is next week; he says Robin is certain of the travelling scholarship. That would mean three years' study abroad, and so, of course, his father would have to be told." She hesitated an instant. "Mr. Lattery thinks, once Robin has actually won the scholarship, his father will be sure to consent," she added, but the inference, plainly deducible from the hiatus, was that Lattery did not know her husband.

"Mr. Gay disapproves?" I prompted.

"Oh, so much that he would never even consent to his being taught at all. But of course—" Her slight gesture dismissed that from among the possibilities.

We sat awhile in silence, watching the two at the other end of the room. The boy was giving to his lesson the absorbed, passionate attention of love. His mother's eyes rested on him broodingly. When she spoke again I guessed that she had forgotten I was a stranger; that, in her mind, I was a part of Lattery; that, above all, she was passing through a period of intense stress, and sorely needed an outlet. I had only to be passive, and she would attain the relief of speech.

"I was so young," she said; "only nineteen. And I was a farmer's daughter and there was so much to do at home. I had never been allowed to

learn music; it was one of the things my parents said 'put ideas into girls' heads.' And they wanted a practical, sensible daughter who could attend to the dairy and poultry and preserve the fruit. So I never had a minute, and as I grew older it got worse—the longing, you know. Music is like that, isn't it? That's what people don't realize. It's either in you or it isn't. And if it's in you, learning when you are a child is like boring a channel for it to come out by later. If you don't learn, the music is still there, but can't get out; it is beating against solid walls all the time." She stirred. "It was like that with me. And then William came, and I thought it was a way out. Living in a town, you know, and having a servant, and no cows and hens and butter-making to fill up all of every day. So I spoke to him about it—about music, and he promised, and I was very happy. Of course it was too late to be any real use, and, besides, I never had enough, but it would have been something. And then, after I was married, William—didn't keep his promise. It was about the time that Walter was giving him so much trouble. William had been married before, you know, and Walter was his only son. He had been sent to a public school and university, and he was no good, and William said he would have no more of that kind of thing. Everybody belonging to him lived by the shop, and so everybody belonging to him should live for and in the shop. He dismissed the assistant's housekeeper, and made me do her work as well as our own house-keeping, and he made me learn type-writing and book-keeping and be his secretary. He thought it would make me take an interest. So there was just as much to do as at home, and I was married and it was all over. I was unhappy then, because there was no hope."

She paused a moment, and I tried to imagine what her eyes must have been before their fires were extinguished. But there was not a spark remaining, to guide.

"Then, before Robin was born," she went on, still, I think, almost entirely unconscious of me, "I saw there was one way I could set free my music. I thought, music and dreamed it, day and night; I let myself thrill and agonize to it; I poured my soul into his, giving him all I had, and prayed God to make it more—to make it enough." She held herself rigid against some oncoming flood of emotion until it passed. "And He did, and when Robin was still almost a baby, I knew—I knew. And I thought that as he was a boy it would be all right—that it was only girls who mustn't choose. But William wouldn't let him learn; he was determined he should follow him in the shop, as Walter wouldn't. So Robin only goes to the Grammar School, and practises in his preparation time. On Mondays, when he has his lesson, William is always away on business till ten. But unless Mr. Lattery can set him free, in another year his father—" she broke off, with finality. "See," she said, "they've finished, and Mr. Lattery is just going to take him through the things he has to play at the Festival. But it's his harmony, he says, that makes the scholarship certain."

I do not know how long after that it was that the end came. The boy's music was of a quality there was no mistaking; already, for all its immaturity, it held the high passion of the dedicated soul, and I let myself go in a dream of what should be—heard faint flutings of the melody that should issue from this reed of the divine choosing. . . .

Then it came—the harsh voice that said—

"So this is what has been going on

in my house for the last ten years."

Mrs. Gay did not start then; beneath the weight of immeasurable disaster the crushed soul lies ruined, but still. None of us moved; there was something infectious in the silent intensity of that despair.

The small, alert, furious eyes of the man in the doorway roved to each of us in turn.

"Ten years," he repeated, and his voice was unsteady; he was in a white heat of rage. "A long time, but it is over now—by accident." He laughed, and the sound was choked and horrible. "I'm obliged to Brownlaw for getting married. It has annoyed his housekeeper, and she told me."

Still there was no sound, no movement in the room but his own. The man's strength of purpose laid, as it were, a heavy hand on us all; for the moment I think there was not one of us but felt that it was indeed "over."

He looked at his son, and the gleam in his eyes was the lust of cruelty. "Go to your room," he said.

It was then that I saw in the boy the weakness of which Lattery had spoken. If he had resisted his father, rebelled, dared all, demanded all, we could—all three of us—have leaped to his aid, have beaten, or, at worst, defied the man who had set himself against the divine thing on his hearth, the thing he did not want—in the shop.

But, instead, the lad blanched, cowed by the will that opposed him, the stronger will. He went out without a word, and in his going robbed us of nine-tenths of our strength. But, at his father's first step to follow him, Lattery rallied, making agonized use of the tenth that was left. He sprang to the door and shut it; I had never seen him so much moved. He was fighting, not for a boy's right of way, but for the heritage of the world.

"Do you know what you are doing?"

he said. "Do you know that your son has genius—*genius*?"

"Has he?" The rat-like eyes fastened furiously on Lattery. "But he is my son, you will remember, and so it is going to be knocked out of him. Genius! Will genius feed and clothe him, as the shop has done all these years? He will have no need of genius; common sense will do. And it won't take me long to cure him—now I know. Once he is rid of your influence, that has been undermining mine all these years, I shall have no difficulty with him."

It was true: I could see that by the quiver of pain round Lattery's lips. The boy, alongside of the wondrous thing, had a weakness of will, a lack of moral stamina on which his father could work with disastrous effect. If he could not dry up the living stream, he could dam it effectually between the walls of Gay and Son.

"But you can't—" stammered Lattery, almost incoherent before the necessity of speaking a language that this man could understand: "you surely don't want—"

"Let me pass," Gay interrupted, savagely.

Lattery stiffened as he stood, the angry color flicking his cheeks. "I have taught your son for ten years. My opinion is held not valueless. I have a right to be heard by you."

"You have tricked and deceived me for ten years, and you have no right to anything—unless it is prosecution. Let me pass."

It was Mrs. Gay whose hand on Lattery's arm induced him, with its poignant appeal, as from one who knew the hopelessness of resistance, to yield. He let her draw him aside, and Gay left the room.

"Where are you going, William?" At the last moment the cry was wrung from her; the sharp fear in her voice fell like the touch of ice on my heart.

What incredible thing did she dread? Yet even that I knew.

He turned in the passage. "To Robin—first," he said. "Stay where you are—all of you."

An exclamation of scornful rage fell from Lattery. But Mrs. Gay shut the door swiftly, with a low "Hush!"

We stood close together about the door, as though to shut out some spectre of horror that clamored for entrance. Yet it was already within. Its awful breath was on Mrs. Gay's cheeks as she leaned against the door, her eyes closed, her hands clenched.

"It makes it worse," she said, in a low, toneless voice, "to interfere. You mustn't. I mustn't. Oh, God, I had to find that out years ago. I must—I *must* pretend not to care. The other way feeds it—his cruelty." A shudder racked her. "Do you know what he did the first time he caught Robin touching one of the pianos in the warehouse? He was a little, little boy of four, and he whipped him before my eyes for it, whipped him till—" But what agonizing memory caught the breath in her throat we never knew. "It was then," she whispered, "that I saw I must always—always pretend not to care."

Lattery murmured something about the future—plans for Robin's future. But she looked at him uncomprehendingly. It was the present that held her terror.

Silence lay with the heaviness of a pall about us. The minutes fell, like slow drops of blood, into the night. At last there came a sound of returning steps, and we scattered, leaving the doorway free.

Gay was clearly in a different mood. He came in flushed, breathing heavily, smiling a little. There was something indescribably loathsome in that change of mood, that access of sleekness; it suggested the satiety of one returning gluttoned from unspeakable orgies.

"William!" Mrs. Gay's voice escaped again from her control. "What have you done—to Robin?"

He stopped smiling, and faced her. "What is one obliged to do," he asked, briskly, "with disobedient children? I have flogged him."

For a moment I am certain we were all held in the same physical bondage—a sensation of actual suffocation. It was Robin's mother who first fought it successfully.

"William!" she gasped. "William! He was seventeen last week."

"What does that matter? When he disobeys me, he will be punished as I think fit. If necessary, as I have told him, the punishment will be repeated. And, as I have also told him, there will be no half-measures now. He leaves school at once, and comes into the shop to-morrow morning. Henceforward I will know how he spends every hour of his day."

Though there was no light in Mrs. Gay's eyes, they were still capable, I saw, of darkening. And the shadow that lay on them now was an agony of terror.

"You told him that? You robbed him of all hope, and then you—?"

"Certainly I did. The sooner he realizes that all this musical nonsense is at an end, the better."

With a curious, panting sound Mrs. Gay ran to the door.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To him."

"You can't. I've locked him in."

Mrs. Gay turned. "William," she said, "I must go to him." Her voice was suddenly very quiet and steady, but it was as though in her extremity she had summoned to her aid all the motherhood of the world. And before the wind of those myriad, mighty wings, the man, though uncomprehending, fell back.

"Robin won't thank you," he grumbled uneasily. "He won't want to see

anyone yet. I was obliged to punish him very severely, and ——"

"Please go first," she said. "*Quickly.*" She turned to Lattery and me. "Come, too," she breathed, "I—I am afraid."

We followed. The door that Gay unlocked opened on to a large bedroom—evidently his and hers. It was empty. I guessed that the door opposite led to a dressing room, in which the boy slept. It would be like Gay to deny him even the freedom of the night. This second door was ajar, and from a peg on the near side of it hung a dressing-gown. That was all that for the moment I noticed. Then—simultaneously, I think—we all saw what Mrs. Gay was looking at. The white girdle of the dressing-gown had been withdrawn, looped round the peg, and the two ends of it thrown over the top of the door on to the other side. And they hung, not slackly, but taut and strained beneath a weight. . . .

It was Lattery who sprang to that door and passed to the other side of it. Gay followed. There was no need for words. We knew. Mrs. Gay, I realized, had known downstairs, when she said, "I am afraid." More than that; she had lived for years with the fear that was now irremediable reality.

Another moment, and the cord dropped, with a sickening slackness, on our side of the door. Lattery's face showed.

"The doctor," he said, but only his lips moved; there was no sound.

Mrs. Gay stopped me with a gesture. "It's no use," she said. "Don't you understand? He did it at once, or he

would not have done it at all. So it is too late."

Gay's face appeared behind Lattery's. It was greenly pallid, and his eyes were glazed with fear. I felt the stirring of compassion. To be a murderer, and yet live—yet be entitled to life!

But Mrs. Gay, looking at him with calm, relentless insight, laid bare his craven soul.

"No, you're in no danger, William," she said. "If we could hang you by telling, we'd all tell. But we couldn't; we could only shame Robin. And so you're quite safe." Her eyes, dull as ashes, yet seared him like lightning; I saw him wince. "You'll even be able, William, to draft the paragraph for the local paper yourself; no one will guess the truth. And you know the sort of thing. 'Mr. Gay, who on Monday evening had occasion to reprove his son for idleness——'"

The steady voice failed; she gave a gasp. "What was that?" she asked, sharply. But there had been no sound. "I thought—something happened," she added, and moved in an uncertain way to the door behind which her son lay. Lattery and Gay came into the outer room to let her pass. On the threshold she turned and faced her husband. And something *had* happened: she was different.

For an instant I could give the difference no name. Then it came, with a sick rush of horror. *There was a light in her eyes*—the light, not of reason. . . .

And the smile on her lips was triumphant. "So you haven't," she said, "got him—after all—for the shop. . . ."

V. H. Friedlaender.

"NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN."

It is always possible that something old may come out of Egypt. More truly than of the Romans it might be said of the Egyptians that they built for eternity, but their buildings were not designed, like the Roman, for eternal use but for eternal memory. It was not their ancient monuments which they hoped to preserve; their ancient monuments themselves aimed at the preservation of something still more precious—the record, the property, the painted or carved similitude, the very skin and bones of the ancient dead. In a country where for at least four thousand years the eye of its people was fixed upon the past, and the finest arts had sepulchre for their purpose, the learned who occupy their business in the research for antiquity may delve with perpetual hope, Lapped among the immemorial ceremonies of a tomb, what treasure might not be discovered! What primeval plaything, or annals of a king more ancient when Abraham arrived in Egypt than Abraham now is! But there are minds also to whom all the treasures and arts and memorials of sepulchral Egypt, poured out together in jostling abundance, would not turn the scale against one little line of Greek buried beside some scholar when the light of Greece was breaking in upon those hieroglyphic repetitions.

The industrious grubbing of exploration has already yielded many such joyous discoveries—lines and paper fragments of well-known poetry, whole farces even and criticisms, and a roll or two of the philosophers, copied before Cleopatra was queen. It is a great result, but undoubtedly the off-chance of a still more splendid find has stimulated the explorer's efforts. Might it not be possible to unearth or disentomb some copy of the Gospels,

or of one of the Gospels, written down two centuries or nearly three earlier than any manuscript now known? If we may assume that some record of Christ's life was made in writing, even as haphazard notes, by people who, actually knew Him, or had at least conversed with others who did, there seems nothing to prevent such a discovery.

Older manuscripts are being found, and scholars easily decipher and interpret them. So far as preservation goes, the difference between sixteen and eighteen centuries hardly counts, and it seems fairly certain that within thirty or forty years of Christ's death there were large numbers of men and women in various parts of the Empire who would have accounted it their greatest privilege to copy all that was remembered of His words and actions, and their greatest treasure to possess the record even in the grave. It may well happen that with the bones or mummy of some such follower of His great example the buried treasure itself will some day be exhumed. It is not impossible that an entirely new record will be found—a fifth Gospel, of more indisputable date, some narrative written down by some contemporary "who knew the Lord," and kept his memories by him as a secret possession; or some original history from which many details in later writings may have been derived. Such are the conjectures of imagination, but they are conjectures well within the reach of hope.

Egypt's latest disclosure of Christian history encourages that hope, but does not fulfil it. Some six years ago a Greek manuscript on vellum was discovered in Egypt, containing all the four recognized Gospels, though St. Mark and St. John have exchanged

places in the order. It will probably be known as "the Freer MS.," because Mr. C. L. Freer, a wealthy American, purchased it from an Arab dealer in Egypt, and presented it to Washington. By his direction, Professor Sanders of the University of Michigan has deciphered the whole text, made a collation with the other ancient versions, and prepared a facsimile which that University has now presented to the British Museum. A learned article upon the date and significance of the manuscript, written by a New Testament scholar, was published in last Tuesday's "Times," and on Wednesday a facsimile of one passage was given. He dates it not earlier than the fifth century; Professor Sanders inclines to the fourth; but in either case, invaluable as the manuscript is, it does not fulfil that hope of which we spoke. It contains no fresh and unknown narrative. It is not a more ancient original from which other narratives were partially derived. It belongs, approximately to the same age as the best surviving manuscripts, and it is for the most part based upon the same older foundations that still remain undiscovered. Certainly, it is marked by points of difference, which are carefully expounded in the "Times" article as in the collation by Professor Sanders. But these differences, though of great interest for scholars, are not in themselves of importance; they are not vital for the world; they do not establish or in any degree alter our knowledge of Christ's life or nature. They are curious, but unessential.

One passage only is of rather wider significance, though this also is not vital. In the so-called "appendix" at the end of St. Mark's Gospel, usually consisting of twelve verses, beginning with the ninth in chapter xvi., some sentences are inserted which are found in no other manuscript hitherto discovered, though the "Times" writer

tells us they were known to St. Jerome, who quotes from them, and St. Jerome's date was about 340 to 420. The passage is inserted after verse 14, in which Christ is represented as appearing to the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraiding them with their unbelief and hardness of heart. As translated by the "Times" writer, it runs:—

"And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who, through the agency of unclean spirits, suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended. For this cause, said they unto Christ, reveal now at once thy righteousness. And Christ said unto them, The limit of the years of the power of Satan is (not) fulfilled, but it draweth near [the text, here and elsewhere, is corrupt]: for the sake of those that have sinned was I given up unto death, that they may return unto the truth and sin no more, but may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven."

The text then continues, "But go ye into all the world," and so on, as from the 15th verse of the ordinary version to the end of the Gospel.

We suppose it is obvious that this is one of the passages introduced by an early writer without much authority. It was a temptation to complete St. Mark, for, as is well-known, the two oldest fourth-century manuscripts leave off abruptly with the words, "for they were afraid," at the end of verse 8, and the rest had undoubtedly been added by a different hand, or by more hands than one. In the monastery of Etchmiadzin, the capital of Armenian religion at the foot of Ararat, the present writer has seen the tenth-century copy of a fifth-century manuscript bound in ivory boards of Byzantine carving. At the end of verse 8, in St. Mark's last chapter, the scribe evidently intended to mark the conclusion of the Gospel. He has filled up the rest of the line with vermilion flour-

ishes and stars, to show that this was really the end. Then, as though by an after-thought, on the top of his flourishes and stars, he has added, also in vermilion ink, the casual information that the rest was the work of Ariston, and he has proceeded to copy the "appendix" in the same black uncials as the foregoing text. Mr. F. C. Conybeare made the discovery about twenty years ago, and he conjectured this "Ariston" to be the man of that name mentioned by Papias as one of Christ's disciples. All that matters here is the proof that one hand at least, and not a very skilful hand, added this piece in order to complete the Gospel, and now it appears that another had introduced a still further passage, which was generally known in the fourth century, but was not generally adopted, and has survived only in this single copy, so far as yet is known.

Obviously the early readers and copyists of Christ's biographies did not value the passage highly, and, indeed, except as a curiosity, it has little value in itself. Its doctrinal language could easily be imitated by some Manichean, or by any believer in the temporal power of Satan to be succeeded by the millennium of Christ. It belongs to an age when metaphysical or ecclesiastical doctrine was superseding the fresh and natural radiance of Christ's own message. It adds nothing to our knowledge of Christ; it does not amplify or confirm the world's ideal of Him. It does not even possess the interest of the "Logia" which the Egyptian papyrus revealed at Oxyrhynchus about sixteen years ago. Take the celebrated Logion V., for instance:—

"Jesus says, wherever there may be two, they are not Godless, and where there is one alone, I say I am with him. Lift the stone, and there thou shalt find Me: split the log, and I am there."

That supposed quotation appears to date from about the middle of the second century, and it is joined with others that are imitations or memories of Christ's sayings actually recorded in the Gospels. Yet it has not the true ring. It sounds metaphysical, philosophic. Some sort of a Pantheist might have said it of Hertha, or some other symbol of the all-pervading Mind. It has neither the simplicity nor the surprise, the sudden glow, of those sayings or actions at which we exclaim at once, "That is the voice of Christ; this is indeed the finger of God!"

Such actions, we mean, as the violent purging of the Temple from those who had made it a den of thieves. Thousands of Jews must have known that it ought to be purged, but the abomination continued till the divine rage flamed upon it. Or that stooping down, as though writing on the ground, when the woman taken in the very act of adultery was brought before him—what depth of sympathy, what consideration for the sense of shame! "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her"; let that stand as our first of Christ's obviously genuine sayings, and "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," as the second. Or, in contrast to this gentleness towards acknowledged law-breakers, take the indignant denunciation of those who kept the letter of the law, built the tombs of the prophets whom their fathers killed, and were ready themselves to kill any new prophet that appeared: "You hypocrites, you serpents, you generation of vipers, you fools and blind, you who cannot escape the damnation of hell, and compared with whom Sodom and Gomorrah shall find the day of judgment tolerable!" "Never man spake like this man," said the officers, or police-spies, whom the chief priests and Pharisees sent to report, and we

need not wonder that their report was meagre.

It is unnecessary to recall other sayings that have passed into the lives of a large part of mankind; such sayings as the praise of the widow's mite; the parables of the Prodigal Son, the pearl of great price, or the little leaven that stirs the whole dull lump into action; "Behold the birds"; "consider the lilies"; "go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor"; "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"; "let the dead bury the dead"; "the things that come out of the heart defile a man"—and so we might go on, calling many more to mind, till we come to the one prayer of all true martyrdom, "Father,

The Nation.

forgive them, for they know not what they do." In all these sayings we feel the surprise of new revelation, as well as the simplicity. There is the sudden glow of something surpassing all the bounds of duty, law, or custom—the glow of all works of supererogation; such a glow as the lover feels when he cannot do enough for the beloved; or as the woman that was a sinner felt when, to the disgust of the Charity Organizers of the time, she brought her alabaster box of precious ointment; or such as the Happy Warrior feels when attired with sudden brightness, like a man inspired. Of all this one finds no trace in the new addition to St. Mark, or in other fragments hitherto discovered, and that is why we think them curious and interesting rather than vital in importance.

OVERLOANED AND OVERARMED.

The world is overloaned and overarmed. That, we think, is the opinion of shrewd observers in the City, and it is an opinion which must be reflected and shared by leaders in commerce and finance all the world over. This is a mechanical age, an inventive age, a spending age, an age in which all the capital that can be supplied, all the surplus savings, all the liquid resources of rich countries are greedily absorbed and swallowed. If the money could be employed in reproductive works, or in the promotion of public utilities, all would be very well, for the liquid fund of capital (i.e., the saved surplus) would grow larger year after year, expanding with every expansion of industrial activity. But, alas! war and armaments, the twin ogres of our barbaric civilization, are greedily devouring a larger and larger share. We may admire the marvellous inventive skill which is applied with such horrible

success to the manufacture of military, naval, and aerial appliance for the destruction of life and property; we may glory in the patriotism which in every nation is called into being to support this rivalry at all sacrifices and all costs. But at the same time, every sober-minded man must recognize in speeches like that which Mr. Pease, our Minister of Education, gave to the Peace Society a note that ought to be struck boldly and loudly in every centre of enlightenment. Let us combine patriotism with common sense. Let us exhibit also a larger patriotism, and do our best as a civilized nation to check a process which can only lead society to bankruptcy or burial. Let us ask great statesmen like Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey to take without delay some remedial step.

Something has been done, and far more might be done, by our great

bankers and finance houses. London certainly has worked hard to check the progress of hostilities in the Balkans by refusing to lend money to belligerents, actual or potential. Paris unfortunately took a different view. But London is not conserving its capital as carefully as it might. No reason has been disclosed for the immense loan of eleven millions to Brazil. We believe that six would have been ample. The remainder is a danger to investors here, and a burden to the groaning and discontented taxpayers of Brazil. It is high time also that a severe discrimination should be exercised against armament loans, of which a peculiarly evil specimen has just been disclosed by the very enterprising correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Peking. After stating that he has inspected all the documents relating to the mysterious Austrian loan, he gave the following details:—

Two loan agreements exist, signed on April 10th. One is for the sum of £2,000,000, made in the name of the Austrian *Stabilimento Tecnico Triestino*, and the second is for £1,200,000, in the name of the *Vulcan Iron Works*, of Stettin. Both, however, are negotiated as one transaction through the Austrian Legation.

The first agreement calls for £1,206,000 cash in 45 days after the signature, namely, before May 25th, while the second calls for £329,658 cash at the same interval, the balance being retained by the negotiating houses pending the purchase of torpedo-boats. The loan is at 6 per centum interest, issued at a minimum of 100, the Chinese receiving 92 net. The security is a second charge on the land transfer tax, the first charge being the £300,000 Austrian *Poldehütte* loan previously negotiated in Vienna, but if the tax, which is still uncollected, fails, the Government undertakes to assign other liquid revenue, namely, the surplus of the salt tax.

So far only £500,000 in cash has been paid over, and it is reported that diffi-

culties have arisen regarding the balance.

Here we have an armaments loan negotiated by the Austrian Legation with China for the benefit of armament firms in Austria and Germany, with whom the proceeds of the loan are to be spent. What does China want with torpedo boats, and what business has an Embassy to engage in these sort of transactions? The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent continues:—

One identical article in both contracts contains the following significant phrase:—"The Minister of Finance, having obtained the sanction of the Advisory Council to issue a £20,000,000 loan, this issue is considered a part." These contracts, as already pointed out, therefore, inextricably muddle the quintuple position. Austria, in the event of trouble, is certain to claim prior rights over a moiety of the salt revenue, while the Chinese Parliamentary view, that all these contracts, including that for the quintuple loan, are illegal, is immeasurably strengthened by the language of the Austrian agreements, which are both unjustified, as they destroy the Government's right to negotiate an additional £25,000,000.

We have quoted this as an illustration and example of a great and growing evil—the combination of armament and banking interests with diplomacy in order to induce (by means which can be imagined) weak Powers and Ministers not always inflexibly disinterested to borrow money for armaments which can only do mischief. Everyone will recall the case of the Brazilian Dreadnoughts which shelled Rio as soon as they arrived from England. Turkey and Chile are equally notorious cases, and the war in the Balkans has been in one of its aspects a competition between Krupp and Creusot and the groups of bankers which support those eminent manufacturing concerns. It is in this way that

the capital resources of the world are being sapped and drained away. The failure of the Chinese loan in Germany is not unconnected with the great capital levy for fortifications and armaments. The recent liquidation in Paris is clearly due to the huge sums which Paris bankers have been raising to finance the Balkan War and the civil war in Mexico. The Stock Exchange has been staggered by this last item of 20 millions sterling which the Mexican Government hopes to get (at a usurious rate) from French investors. And the new French military projects will almost certainly involve a large issue of Rentes in the near future. Can we wonder that in the last year French Rentes have dropped from 93½ to 85½? Can we wonder that capital is becoming scarcer and scarcer, and that many legitimate and highly productive enterprises all the world over are suf-

fering from the evils which we have briefly enumerated? Perhaps some day, when things have got a little worse, the City magnates will meet together to discuss these merits without the assistance of the Navy League, or the airship promoters, or the Conscription League, or the other organizations which exist to prey upon capital and labor, directing their zealous but misguided efforts to the creation of national panics and international jealousies. Is it not possible to divert some of this social energy, which now takes Chauvinistic forms and expressions, into the religion and service of humanity? Is it not possible to divert some of these wasted millions to the removal of slums, the prevention of crime, the nourishment of the young, the care of the infirm, or to the improvement of our towns and our countryside?

The Economist.

MULLIGATAWNY.

["Mulligatawny (Tamil—*milagutunni*, lit. pepper-water). An East Indian curry-soup."—*English Dictionary*.]

There are soups of various patterns, that range from the humble pea

To the aldermanic turtle that's not for the likes o' me,

But the priceless pick of the boiling is made on the masterly plan

Of Mither Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.

For what is the soup of Scotland (the gourmet shudders and pales),

Or what is your cock-a-leekie—the probable soup of Wales,

Or any infusion flavored by English corduroy

To the soup of Mulligatawny, the broth of an Irish boy?

But Philology thrust her nose in, and hatched a horrible plot
That the manhood of Mulligatawny should shamefully be forgot;

She implied that Mulligatawny was never a shamrock fruit,
And wasn't discovered in Erin, but came from an Indian root.

Now credit, it's my conviction, should go where credit is due,
 So I feel constrained to batter Philology's nose askew
 With the fact that the Monarch of All Soups is made on the
 masterly plan
 Of Misther Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.

Punch.

JAPAN AMONG THE NATIONS.

BY SIR VALENTINE CHIROL.

The gravity of the situation arising out of the Alien Land Bill passed by the Californian State Legislature may be measured both by the pressure applied from Washington to prevent its enactment and by the popular resentment aroused in Japan. It threatens to force to a definite issue a question which diplomacy has hitherto been at pains to elude by a series of skilful compromises, and it does so just at a time when the centre of political stability in Japan is shifting rapidly away from the small group of experienced statesmen who have hitherto controlled the national forces.

The primary object of Japan is to protect the material interests of Japanese settlers, whose right to hold the properties they have acquired and developed on American soil is seriously threatened by legislation which, if enforced in California, may not improbably be adopted in other States of the American Union. The ultimate issue involved is, in fact, whether Japan, who has made good her title to be treated on a footing of complete equality as one of the great Powers of the world, is not also entitled to rank among the civilized nations whose citizens the American Republic is ready to welcome, subject to a few well-defined exceptions, within its fold whenever they are prepared to transfer their allegiance to it; or whether her people are to be individually subjected to the disabilities imposed upon Asiatics collectively, whose

lower plane of civilization is held to justify their exclusion from the enjoyment of rights freely accorded to all those who come with European credentials. Such an issue, whether it be raised in Law Courts or through diplomatic channels, will have to be met and dealt with on equally broad grounds.

Probably the majority of Japanese immigrants are superior to many at least of the ignorant and squalid mass of Slovaks, Ruthenians, Russian and Polish Jews and others who swarm over every year from Eastern Europe to America, and whose absorption and assimilation, as thoughtful Americans themselves recognize, are beginning to constitute a very formidable problem, both social and political. If the right of naturalization is to be denied to all Japanese, it cannot be on the ground that every Japanese is personally more undesirable as a citizen than any European.

A color bar cannot very logically be pleaded as in itself prohibitive by a State which within living memory waged the greatest civil war of modern times in order to establish the claim of American negroes to equal rights of citizenship with the white population of the Republic. Then, again, the number of mixed marriages between Japanese and Europeans is, no doubt, still very small, but it is increasing, and it would be easy to name several Japanese in high positions who have set the example. Could the color

bar be maintained also against the off-spring of such unions? Even less can religion be an operative bar, for there are already considerable Christian communities in Japan, and Japanese Christians are to be found in no small number among the middle and upper classes.

Nor could any educational bar be sustained. There is no branch of science or art or letters in which the Japanese have not shown themselves capable of acquiring proficiency, while in some they have already earned conspicuous distinction.

The bar of race would therefore seem to be the only one which could be plausibly maintained. The Japanese rank as an Asiatic race, and if there is no room for any Asiatics in the wide fold of American citizenship there can therefore be no room for Japanese. Though the Japanese display characteristics which no other Asiatic race possesses in anything like the same degree, if at all—*e.g.*, thoroughness and method, great organizing ability, in fact, "the infinite capacity of taking pains," and above all the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice—Japan has been too long bound up with Asia by geographical propinquity and by the traditions of her own ancient civilization to repudiate her Asiatic descent.

The question which she may raise with much greater propriety is whether her Asiatic descent is permanently to disqualify her for the enjoyment of the full rights freely accorded to one another by the great nations into whose comity she has already gained entrance on a footing of complete political equality. Her argument would presumably be:—"Modern civilization is not a matter of longitude or latitude, of race or of creed. Japan has based upon it her laws and institutions; she has conformed her national life to it. In so far as the term Asiatic connotes

active or passive antagonism to the influences of modern civilization, Japan has ceased to be an Asiatic nation.

Could the case of Japan be argued on those broad lines before an absolutely impartial tribunal it would open up a page without a parallel in the history of the world. It is in regard to the events of our own times that we are most apt not to see the forest for the trees. Otherwise it would surely be more generally realized that for human interest, for the influence it must exercise upon the future of the human race as a whole, no event which has happened within our own generation can compare with the rise of Japan. For within 50 years a nation which is neither Occidental, nor White, nor Christian has for the first time taken its place alongside the nations who pride themselves on being Occidental and White and Christian, as one of the Great Powers of the world. Her example, too, has fired the imagination of the whole of Asia. Other Asiatic peoples may lack more or less entirely the national energy and discipline and the many other peculiar qualities to which Japan owes her exaltation; but for better or for worse, they have at least been aroused from their coma. Though perhaps none may be capable of following in her footsteps, she has all the world over shaken the fatalistic acquiescence of other races in the white man's claim to pre-eminent dominion. The earth has ceased to be his inalienable inheritance. That is the phenomenon that invests the emergence of Japan with a significance which transcends all other phenomena of contemporary history.

Even those who have great faith in the future of Japan must admit that so rapid and profound a transformation as her national life has passed through, and has yet to pass through before her future can be regarded as fully assured, is by no means free

from peril. She has been and is still putting new wine into old bottles with an extraordinarily bold hand. Fortunately the old bottles were finely made, and the civilization of old Japan has proved far more adaptable than it would seem at first sight to the modern civilization which new Japan has imported from the West—perhaps because the Japanese have always possessed the gift of discriminating eclecticism. Since she first determined some 50 years ago to steer her course by new compasses, she has never gone seriously wrong. Time and again she has subjected the growth of her new vitality to the severest tests, and many on each occasion have been the prophets of evil among her detractors; but on each occasion the event has belied their predictions. Are similar predictions more likely of fulfilment now that the great era of *Meiji* has come to an end?

When the Emperor Mutsuhito died last summer it was felt that with him passed away not merely a great and wise ruler whose reign covered half a century of national renaissance and successful effort, but the controlling influence of the whole generation which, under his august auspices, had made the new Japan. The tremendous and in the main peaceful revolution which synchronized with Mutsuhito's succession to the Throne is known in the annals of Japan not as a revolution, but as "the Restoration," because it was around the revival of the ancient Imperial authority that, on the abdication of the Shogunate, all the progressive forces rallied to evolve a modern nationhood. Throughout Mutsuhito's reign the Imperial authority remained the dominant factor in the State. So long as the Emperor Mutsuhito lived, though the influence of Parliament and the cohesion of political parties gradually increased, the Emperor and the group of Elder

Statesmen who continued to enjoy his most intimate confidence remained in fact supreme.

Within six months of the late Emperor's death this order of things had already passed away. Though the Cabinet formed by the Admiral Count Yamamoto represents something of a compromise, the Tokyo correspondence of *The Times* has clearly shown how long and how swift a stride Japan has made towards genuine democratic government.

Thus before the new era of *Taisho*, or righteousness, is even a year old Japan has already entered on another great experiment which in the lifetime of the Emperor Mutsuhito would have been almost unthinkable. The whole era of *Meiji* belonged essentially to the *Samurai*, with whom the feudal spirit, with its many chivalrous qualities, survived long after feudal institutions had been swept away. With the immense expansion of Japanese commerce and industry—the inevitable economic corollary of the translation of the old *Samurai* spirit into modern terms of costly battleships and army corps—there has grown up a new middle class such as never before existed in Japan. It includes not only merchants, manufacturers, and financiers, but members of all the intellectual professions which minister to the manifold requirements of a more complex social organization. Recruited partly from the *Samurai* and partly from the lower classes, its interests are necessarily more material, its instincts more democratic. It does not follow that it will be less patriotic, though its patriotism may assume less quixotic forms. Anyhow, it will, for better or for worse, probably seek closer contact with the Western world. Whether, under the temptations of such closer contact with the love of wealth and luxury which prevails throughout the Western world, the

younger generation may not sacrifice too much of the Spartan simplicity and self-sacrificing endurance upon which its elders prided themselves, many thoughtful Japanese themselves entertain grave doubts. One thing, however, seems certain—namely, that the more popular the form of government grows to be in Japan, the more will her rulers be compelled to insist on the full recognition of her position among the nations of the world. A democracy has a peculiar sensitiveness of its own in regard to all questions of national dignity, and for many reasons it will be more acute in a Japanese than in a Western democracy. Such questions as have already arisen in the United States and in some of our own dominions with regard to the rights of

The Times.

Japanese subjects would have been far more difficult to settle by amicable compromises had they been dealt with at Tokyo by party leaders in a full blaze of Parliamentary limelight, and not, as has hitherto been possible, by a few experienced statesmen assembled in the cooler atmosphere of the Emperor's own Council-room.

The fact that Japan seems to be rapidly advancing towards standards of democratic government, hitherto exclusively associated with the West, may be held by many to strengthen her claim to full equality of treatment by all Western nations. But on the other hand, if her claim is denied, it will be all the more difficult to restrain the passionate outburst of popular feeling in Japan.

A PREMIER-PRESIDENT.

The passage last week of the new Tariff Bill through the Lower House of the American Congress, within less than two months of its introduction, suggests that the President may prove the greatest asset that the Democratic Party possess. A political position is often what its occupant makes of it. The American Presidency in particular expands or contracts in its authority and prerogatives according to the views and personality of the man who holds it. Some Presidents, like Mr. McKinley, refrain from initiative. Great things may happen during their Presidency, but they can hardly be said to preside over them. Others, like Mr. Roosevelt, make the White House the link of American politics, frame their own policies, and try and force Congress into accepting them. Others, again, like Mr. Taft, essay a middle course of remonstrance, compromise, and appeal, and end, as a

rule, by alienating everyone and achieving nothing.

It makes an enormous difference to which of these conceptions of his duties any given President inclines. In England, we are apt to over-estimate the power of the American Chief Magistrate. That power is undoubtedly very great. The President is the head—to a large extent, the working head—of the Army and Navy; he has charge of the whole Federal administration, and the appointment of ambassadors, consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, Cabinet Ministers—in fact, of all the higher Federal officers—initiates in him; he may convene Congress in extraordinary session whenever he so pleases; his right of veto gives him the power to delay and, at times, to block any and every measure of which he disapproves; the conduct of foreign affairs, in all except its final phase, is under his immediate control;

and virtually he is irremovable. But to all this, there is another and less imposing side. The President selects officers and makes appointments, but it is the Senate that confirms or rejects them. The President concludes treaties, but, as we know only too well, a two-thirds majority in the Senate is required for their ratification. The President suggests legislation; it is for Congress to act on his suggestion or to disregard it as it wills. The President vetoes a measure, but it becomes law if both Houses by a two-thirds majority pass it anew over his head.

In fact the actual influence of the President on legislation is in many ways less than that of a British Prime Minister. Even under the most favorable circumstances—that is to say, when his party commands a majority in both Houses—his power over Bills depends wholly on the goodwill of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress or hold any recognized communication with it except through the medium of written messages. The Administration has no official spokesman in either House to expound its policy and influence the course of debate; and an appeal to the known wishes or opinions of the President is apt to be resented as dictation. Both Houses are rigidly tenacious of their Constitutional powers, jealous of outside interference, especially from the White House and always ready to encroach on the debatable ground left unassigned by the Constitution. The "Sages of 1789" accomplished more than they intended. They divided the Executive from the Legislature so firmly as to make each, not only independent, but hostile, and therefore weak. Each organ of government has come to be a jealous observer and restrainer of the others; and the energy which under the English or Cabinet

system is given up almost entirely to the work of legislation spends itself in America in excessive strife among the various bodies created to check and balance one another. Nobody has even a comparatively free hand. Everybody hampers everybody else. The consequence is that while the negative business of government has been fairly well done, while many hot-headed Presidents have been held in leash and many bad Bills quashed, its positive side is starved. There is, perhaps, no form of government which makes it so difficult to get anything done as the American.

Mr. Wilson is clearly going to make it one of the supreme objects of his Presidency to overcome this defect, and to substitute conferences and co-operation for the jarring relations that have hitherto obtained between the White House and Congress. Other Presidents have sought, and to some extent have achieved, the same end by humoring the party leaders in the House and Senate, and allowing them to distribute the patronage for him. But Mr. Wilson began his term of office by announcing that he would have nothing to do with questions of patronage, and that all such matters would have to be referred to the heads of the State Departments. The system under which the President bribes and cajoles Congress by the bait of the spoils, while Congress brings pressure on the President by withholding appropriations or refusing to confirm appointments, finds no place in his theory of what the American government should and might do. He obviously regards himself as above all things the representative of the people as a whole, and as such commissioned by them to shape legislation in accordance with their interests. He accordingly took a hand in framing the new Tariff Bill long before it was presented to Congress. He consulted freely with the Chairman of the Ways

and Means Committee in the House and with the Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate, and he formed an invaluable connecting link between these two statesmen and the bodies they represented. There is a President's room in the Capitol, but before the advent of Mr. Wilson it was rarely entered. Since March 4th it has rarely been empty, and the contrast, like the President's action in reading his message to Congress in person, shows his resolve to secure a closer correspondence than has ever existed before between the Executive and the Legislature. A President who insists on having a voice in the prep-

The Nation.

aration and not merely in the ultimate fate of Bills, who brings the responsible leaders of the two Houses into working harmony, and so undermines the old system by which the Lower Chamber would propose one Tariff Bill and the Senate another, and the two Houses would then fight it out at the public expense, is a very interesting Constitutional innovation. So far as circumstances permit, Mr. Wilson is seeking to exercise the general authority and leadership of a British Premier. He is imparting to the American system a flexibility it has hitherto lacked.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the latest volume of Warren L. Eldred's "St. Dunstan Series" the boys in the school which gives the series its title are organized as boy scouts, and the story of their adventures, discipline, haps and mishaps gives "St. Dunstan Boy Scouts" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) a strong appeal to boy readers who like a stirring tale. There are half a dozen illustrations by Arthur O. Scott.

The large, descriptive volume on "Labrador," by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and others, which the MacMillan Company published three years or more ago, appears now in a new and enlarged edition. The new material includes a chapter on Conservation and Exploration in Labrador by Dr. Grenfell, some account of the habits of the land animals of Labrador, and a complete bibliography. The book is attractively printed and very fully illustrated.

Stanley Washburn's "Nogi" (Henry Holt & Co.) is a vivid and picturesque

sketch of the great Japanese commander, written from intimate personal knowledge. Mr. Washburn was the correspondent of an American newspaper during the Russo-Japanese war, and was attached to General Nogi's staff, both at Port Arthur and in the operations in the North. He does not attempt any full biography, but he describes Nogi as he knew him,—"a man against the background of a great war." Nogi's was the most commanding figure on the Japanese side in that great struggle, and this delineation of his character is full of interest,—the more so because of his tragic end by his own hand. There are numerous illustrations from photographs by the author.

To disclose summarily the plot of "The Air Pilot" by Randall Parrish would be to deprive many possible readers of an hour or so of more thrills than it often falls to the lot of one book to evoke. The story tells of the wonderful Dessaud monoplane which was to revolutionize modern warfare

as it could neither be seen nor heard at a distance of 200 feet. By its inventor, Philip Dessaud, it was brought from France to Chicago for exhibition purposes. But the public never saw it, for on the day of the trial the hangar was found empty, and some time later the Dessaud monoplane was discovered complete in the wilds of a Michigan forest. There is a lady in the tale of course, a high-spirited, courageous young newspaper reporter, and the French aviator is a brave gentleman of high honor. The reader's interest is kept at the highest pitch from beginning to end. The mystery is absorbing but not so deep or involved as to be tiresome rather than entertaining. It is a rapid, gallant story. A. C. McClurg and Company.

At this time, when the Romanoff centenaries direct all eyes to the Czar's dominions, Mr. Nevin O. Winter's "*The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday*" will be peculiarly welcome to those recently reminded by puzzling newspaper references that they have little accurate knowledge of the country with which all Asia and all Europe, and especially the five other great nations, must incessantly reckon. Russia's quiet but effective naval demonstration in favor of the Union fifty years ago ensured a warm welcome for the Russian sailor in all American ports, and the feeling has preserved much of its pristine vigor, but still American schools, and the average American have been content to be oddly ignorant of Russian matters. Mr. Winter's handsome and judiciously illustrated volume, half historical, half descriptive, furnishes a desirable opportunity for self-education in Russian matters. For school use, it is almost perfect, treating the subject in its territorial and racial aspects, and briefly dismissing certain

scandalous reigns, and giving a proportionally large space to the Dumas. In the appendices, the area, and the population in 1910, of the various governments are tabulated; and some valuable suggestions to travellers, with a serviceable bibliography for the student are included. Mr. Winter has risen to his subject, and "*The Russian Empire*" is a much finer work than his earlier volumes treating territories less important. L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. James Herbert Jeffries, London office clerk at eighteen shillings a week, with no chance of ever receiving more; absurdly tall; almost always hungry; and jealous to his marrow, naturally hates the one man in his social circle financially his superior. As naturally, after incessant brooding on the disparity of their fortunes, he kills him so carefully that he escapes punishment. This is the gist of "*In Accordance with the Evidence*" by Mr. Oliver Onions, and the greatest merit of the story lies in its author's steadfast refusal to mitigate its essential ugliness. He seems to say: "Behold the struggle for life as it is among human creatures left to themselves without the consolations of religion; with no noble traditions of conduct; with no hope of any improvement in their state except by the death of some remote kinsman, or by the complete reconstruction of society." The three women in the story are to the reader, as they are to Jeffries and his friends, mere cogs in its mechanism, but this is evidently the author's intention. The London journalist and the London author have long agreed that Jeffries and his kind exist. Mr. Onions differs from the others in showing the malignant hatred bred in them by the stress of their lives. "What are you going to do about it?" he asks his comfortable readers. George H. Doran Company.

